The Mapleton Item.

VOL. 6. MAPLETON DEPOT, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1894. NO. 8

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On and after Nov. 9th, 1893, trains will depart from Mapleton (eastern standard time) as follows:

GOING WEST.

For Huntingdon, every day, 5.49, 11.48, a. m., and 8.14 p. m.

For Tyrone, Altoona and Pittsburg, every day, 5.49, 11.48 a. m., and 8.14 p. m.

Trains leave Altoona for Pittsburg, 3.40, 4.55 and 8.00 A. M., 1.55, 3.45, 6.50 (limited), 7.55 and 10.50 P. M., every day.

Trains leave Huntingdon for Bedford, Cumberland and way stations, 8.35 a. m., and 6.35 p. m., week days.

Trains leave Tyrone for Curwensville and points on Tyrone and Clearfield branch, 8.20 a. m. and 3.15 and 7.30 p. m., week days.

Leave Tyrone for Lock Haven and points on Bald Eagle branch and the P. and E. R. R., 8.10 a. m., 3.10 and 7.25 p. m., week days.

Connection is made at (Union Station) Pittsburg for all points West, Northwest and Southwest.

GOING EAST.

Leave Mapleton for Lewistown Junc., 8.47 6.32, a. m., 3.38 and 7.35, p. m., every day.

For Mifflin, 8.47 6.32 a. m., 3.38 and 7.35, p. m., every day.

For Harisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimorer and Washington, 8.47, 6.32 a. m. 3.38, 7.35 p. m., every day.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction for Sunbury and points on the P. and E. R. R. and N. C. Ry. at 7.40 a. m., 3.00 p. m., week days.

Connection is made at Harrisburg for stations North and South on N. C. Ry.

Mail Express east leaves Altoona at 6:05 p. m., daily, Tyrone, 6:37; Birmingham, 6.42, Spruce Creek, 6:53; Petersburg, 7:06; Huntingdon, 7:20; Mapleton, 7:35; Mount Union, 7:41; Harrisburg, 10:20 and arrives at Philadelphia at 4:30 a. m.

Fast Line leaves Philadelphia daily at 12:25 p. m., Mount Union 6:09 p. m.; Huntingdon, 6:28; Altoona, 7:40 and arrives at Pittsburg at 11:30 p. m.

Main Line Express arrives leaves Pittsburg at 8.00 A. M., Altoona 11.50 A. M., Huntingdon 12:48. P. M., and arrives at Harrisburg at 3.20 P. M., Philadelphia 6.50 P. M.

Day Express east leaves Pittsburg at 9:05 a. m., daily, Altoona, 12:50 p. m., Huntingdon, 1:45 p. m., Mount Harrisburg, 4:15, and arrives at Philadelphia at 7:16 p. m.

Philadelphia Express east leaves daily, Pittsburg at 4:30 p. m., Altoona, 9:05; Huntingdon 10:12; Harrisburg, 1:00 a. m., and arrives at Philadelphia at 4:30 a. m.

Fast Line east leaves Pittsburg at 8.10 p. m., daily, Altoona, 12.01 a. m., Huntingdon, 12:58; Harrisburg, 3:30, and arrives at Philadelphia at 6:50 a. m.

Mail train west leaves Philadelphia daily at 7:00 a. m., Harrisburg, 11:20; Mount Union, 1:56 p. m., Huntingdon, 2:17; Altoona, 3:40, and arrives at Pittsburg at 8:10 p. m.

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agents or address Thomas E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

EAST BROAD TOP RAILROAD.

To take effect at 6:00 a. m., on Wednesday, July 29, 1891.

NORTH. Mail, No. 5.	NORTH. Mixed, No. 3.	NORTH. Mixed, No. 1.	STATIONS.	SOUTH. Mail, No. 2.	SOUTH. Mixed, No. 4.	SOUTH. Mail, No. 6.
	a, m	a m.			p. m.	
		6 20	Robertsdale		6 02	
		6 30	Cook's		5 49	
		6 43	Cole's		5 37	
		7 13	Saltillo		5 07	
		7 20	Three Springs		5 00	
		7 33	*Beersville		4 48	
		7 46	Rockhill			
		1 10	Rockhill	9 58	4 36	
		1 26	8 02 Shirley	9 42	4 20	
		1 34	8 10 *Augh. Mills	9 34	4 13	
		1 46	8 25 Mount Union	9 20	4 00	

Mixed, No. 7, leaves Robertsdale at 4.29, P. M., Cook's, 4.39, Cole's, 4.52, Saltillo, 5.17, Three Springs, 5.24, Beersville, 5.36, Rockhill, 5.48,

SHADE GAP BRANCH.

WEST. No. 12	WEST. No. 10	STATIONS.	EAST No. 9	EAST No. 11
p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.
6 36	9 41	L Rockhill A	7 50	4 50
6 29	9 34	*Blacklog	7 57	4 57
6 21	9 26	*Cedar Rock	8 05	5 05
6 17	9 22	*Locke Vall'y	8 09	5 09
6 11	9 16	*Shade Gap	8 15	5 15
5 59	8 59	Stair	8 27	5 27
5 50	8 50	A Goshorn L	8 36	5 36

* Flag stations.

A. W. SIMS, Superintendent.

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SOME TIME.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forever set,
The things which our weak judgment has spurned;
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine more in deeper tints of blue:
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we call, He heeded not our cry
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if sometime, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood and rebel, and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than your or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do do not blame the Loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gifts God sends his friends,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content poor heart;
God's plans like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land,
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
I think we will say that
"God knew best."

"For Better, for Worse"

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

About three years ago I was one day sauntering in Union Square, and stopped in at Signor Roma's studio. I found the young artist busily at work upon the likeness of a lady in crayons, and after our first cordial greeting, he returned to it, saying that he expected her that afternoon to examine his progress.

I soon became interested in the growing face, not because of its beauty—for it was the face of a woman at least forty years old—but because of its singular repose, and the tender look of chastened suffering in the large, wide-open eyes.

"Roma," I said, "that is a very attractive face."

"You should see the daughter of this woman. Ah! she is an angel!"

"I am speaking of the mother. I think her very lovely."

"She has the loveliness of completed suffering; her face is a history, not a calendar; that is the secret of her attractiveness. Her daughter is a living poem and picture."

"You speak like a lover."

"I am one."

"Does she know it?"

"Who shall tell her? I might as well love some bright, particular star and think to wed it, as love and hope to wed Pearl Bailey. She is Richard Lufkin's heiress."

"And you are—"

"I am a poor artist. I make about three thousand dollars per year."

He dropped his head and went on with his work in nervous haste. Presently I heard a rustle of silk, a sweet, low voice, and a little rippling, musical laugh. Immediately Roma was at the door, and bowing low, as he held it open for the two ladies who entered.

The elder was clothed in black silk, unrelieved by anything excepting a little foam of rich, white lace and the dull glitter of some jet ornaments. The younger had on a dress in which pale violet and cream color were exquisitely blended. The face of the elder was the face of one who had suffered and conquered; the face of the younger was the face of a sinless, sorrowless child, who unsuspectingly had grown into womanhood. The mother's hair was nearly white; the daughter's, a pale, golden frame to a little oval picture of exquisite beauty.

I did not wonder when I saw the girl that Roma should feel utterly hopeless in regard to his love. But before their visit was over I had changed my opinion. I noticed Pearl's shy glances at the handsome artist and her bright, responsive blushes whenever Roma's luminous eyes met hers. I saw, in fact, that Pearl was just as much in love as Roma was, and that all the two hearts wanted was one flash of intelligence to introduce them to each other.

I became a visitor at Mrs. Bailey's, but beyond a certain mental and artistic sympathy, our acquaintance did not ripen quickly. The winter passed, and the summer sent one hither and another thither. I went to the seaside, Mrs. Bailey and Pearl to the mountains, and being in town for a day in July, I found that Roma had also gone away. Under such circumstances, many pleasant friendships are dropped and never gathered together again, and I was almost in this danger with regard to Roma and the Baileys. The fact was, I was going to be married and my mind was full of my own love affairs, with the attendant cares of upholstery and millinery.

But one day, as I stood in front of a store, balancing a certain point about silks in my mind, a gentle hand touched me and a pleasant voice said "Good morning" as frankly and quietly as if we had met but yesterday. It was Mrs. Bailey; yes, it was she, though I might have passed her twenty times and not known her, so greatly was she changed.

She looked as if ten years had dropped away from her life, and had that indescribable air about her toilet which says: "I dress for love and not alone for fashion."

Another astonishment awaited me. A handsome man, who might be fifty years of age, ceased giving some directions to the coachman and approached us. Mrs. Bailey introduced him to me as "Mr. Bailey, my husband," and then, with a cordial invitation to call on them, she passed down the steps and into the waiting carriage.

This was not the end of my perplexity, for I was certain I had seen Mr. Bailey before, and his grave, sad face haunted me so persistently and worryingly that I threw aside my own interests awhile, and tried to remember when and where I had seen those pathetic eyes and that tall, noble figure. Somehow my mind would connect them with Roma's studio; but that, I soon concluded, was sheer nonsense. With the exception of a few young artists and a few ragged, wretched-looking models, I had never met any men there.

I suffered two or three days to elapse, and then went to call upon Mrs. Bailey. It was a cold, wet day, but Pearl and Roma were making sunshine for themselves in the usual sitting-parlor, and I was asked by a servant to see Mrs. Bailey in her own room.

I followed her to a large upper chamber, luxuriously furnished, and Mrs. Bailey met me at the door. There was a little table spread before the fire, and as I do not pretend to be insensible to the comforts of good Souchong and cold chicken, I regarded the table with approbation.

I do not know what influence of the dreary day or of the cozy room or of her own mind ruled her, but she was evidently inclined for confidential conversation, and from one topic to another we fell gradually into those predisposing to personal matters. As the twilight deepened we became more and more earnest and solemn, and I was astonished when, after some preliminary remarks, she told me her story. She said:

"I was born in Boston, of an old and rich family. I do not remember my mother, and my father also died while I was very young, leaving me and my fortune to the care of my half-brother, Richard Lufkin. He was much older than I was, and, with loving and honest integrity, he strove to be both father and brother to me.

"We loved each other dearly, and nothing darkened our affection, until I met and loved Philip Bailey. You see how handsome he is even yet; judge, then, what he was twenty-four years ago. That he was extravagant did not alarm me. I thought myself able to control and reform all the weak points in his character, and the fact that I was largely right in this supposition has been one of the bitterest drops in my cup of punishment and regret.

"For his nature was so noble, so responsive to good, so eager for some purer and higher pleasures than those which were deluding and destroying him, that I am quite sure, had I trusted to God and to my own highest instincts, I might have raised him even to his own high ideal.

"But we were no sooner married than trouble began. It was my fault. I was exacting to a ridiculous degree, jealous of every moment of Philip's time, and would not suffer him to be absent from my side an hour in peace. Love soon frets at such authoritative restraint; quarrels and reconciliations followed each other quickly, and then, alas! quarrels when we made no apologies, and which were not followed by reconciliations.

"The home which we had furnished with such promises of a happy and peaceful life became a scene of constant bickering, recriminations, tears and complaints. All this began in such little things that I am ashamed to recall them: He was five minutes later than his promise; he met an old friend and went to dine with him; he forgot some compliment, or gave it pettishly when pettishly reminded of the omission; he neglected some slight commission—such trifles as were the beginning of years of misery."

"Such little things!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, my dear! they opened a wide door for far worse ones. By and by Philip began to stay hours behind his promise—to stay all night—to stay away with some old friend for days and weeks, without any ceremony but the bare intimation of his intentions. I rebelled, protested, scolded. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled—I remembered, when too late, how wearily and sadly—and left me alone with my quarrelsome, unhappy temper.

"Children came to us, a beautiful boy and a pretty, bright girl. Philip was very fond and proud of them, and strove hard to atone for his neglect: But instead of accepting the present love, I was continually poisoning the happiest hour by regrets for the ones he had wasted, and by doubts of his future intentions. Believe me, dear, you may wear away a love as strong as death by such a course. So, Philip, meeting no loving response, fell gradually back into his old habits and associations.

"Then money began to fail; we became embarrassed, and my brother refused us all further help. When this took place there was a bitter quarrel. My inheritance had been left in Richard's absolute direction and disposal, and Philip began to doubt whether I had received my just rights. He talked of an investigation by the law. I went further; I passed my brother on the street, and forbade the little children, who loved him so dearly, to speak to him.

"At the end of five years we had to give up housekeeping and board. In another year we found it impossible any longer to preserve even the outward semblance of our former state, and Philip said we must go to New York. Even then, had I been patient and helpful, I might have saved myself and my husband, but, though I promised much and he promised much, I could not subdue myself to conquer his weakness by the humility of love.

"We left Boston cladestinely; no friend wished us 'Godspeed,' and my brother was still unreconciled. The little money we had soon evaporated in boarding houses; we passed from one to another, always sinking a little lower, until at length a day came when we had neither money nor home—unless I could have made a home in the miserable, empty room which was now the only wretched flotsam of a wrecked life.

"I did not lack the energy and the ability to have done this, but I lacked the will. I sat gloomily down in tearless, sulking indifference, and scarcely heeded either the crying of my children or the reproaches and promises of my husband. For he vowed, even then, he would abandon all his evil ways and work hard, if I would trust him once more. I can see him yet as he stood humbly before me. I just raised my eyes and glanced scornfully and incredulously at him.

"He went angrily out, and did not return. Late at night, a note was brought me. It was Philip's last word of regret and farewell. He begged my forgiveness for his share of our mistaken life, and for the rest, he hoped I would go back

Continued on eighth page.

A LAKE MICHIGAN GALE.

MANY SAILORS DROWNED IN VIEW OF THOUSANDS.

Scores of Schooners Foundered — Helpless Vessels Go to Destruction—Life Savers Did Many Heroic Deeds — Chicago's Fire Department and Regular Soldiers Assist.

Heavy loss of life and immense damage to shipping is the result of the severe storm that swept Lake Michigan, the mercury dropping from eighty degrees at 10 o'clock in the morning to fifty at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The western shore of the lake from Michigan City to Two Rivers was strewn with wreckage, and off the breakwater on the Chicago and Evanston shores, many vessels were pounded to pieces and several capsized.

Fifteen to twenty lives were known to be lost, and the number, it was thought on the morning after the storm, would undoubtedly reach thirty, and probably two score or more. On two wrecks directly off the Government pier at Twelfth street and Thirty-first street, Chicago, men were clinging to hull or rigging all day, the elements defying the best endeavors of Government and volunteer life savers.

At Fort Sheridan Colonel Crofton ordered out the entire Fifteenth Infantry to patrol the beach and watch the wreckage and help in every way to save human life that was endangered by the storm. Troops B and K of the Seventh Cavalry, of Indian war fame, did yeoman service, and battled about in the fort's life saving apparatus.

Eleven fishermen were caught on the Government pier, and before the party could be rescued one of the number, Thomas Bedloe, became so benumbed with cold that he was washed off the structure and drowned.

After great labor, the tug Commodore towed the lifeboat out, and a line was thrown to the men. One by one they were dragged to safety.

At 2 o'clock p. m. a two-masted schooner off Van Buren street collided with two other boats and was broken in two by the collision. The schooner sank at once. At the same hour a three-masted schooner ran ashore off the foot of Eighteenth street. The waves soon dashed it to pieces. A tug sent out to aid the crew rescued five men from a perilous position.

At 3.45 o'clock the schooner Meadow was capsized off Van Buren street. It was manned by seven sailors. She went over at the south end of the pier. Three men were swept away, and the other four could be seen clinging to the bottom of the vessel. The tug Mollie Spence went out to rescue the four, but did not succeed in saving them.

Four men were drowned from an unknown sailing vessel which foundered just south of the Government pier. After the vessel foundered the four men were seen struggling in the water and soon disappeared from view.

An unknown schooner four or five miles from the South pier was discovered shortly after 3 o'clock totally dismasted and laboring in the waves. Her upper portion was gone and it was feared she would go to pieces.

With these wrecks following each other so rapidly, the life savers were entirely unable to cope with the work, and shortly before 4 o'clock a part of the Chicago Fire Department was called out to assist in the rescue of drowning crews. In the main their efforts were unavailing, and while they worked 20,000 persons watched their manœuvres from the shore, over which waves twenty feet high dashed in furious succession.

At 2 o'clock the Illinois Central road was compelled to abandon its express service on the outer tracks, some of which were completely washed away. The gas launch Neva put out from South Chicago with two girls, John Williamson and another man. It was feared the entire party had been drowned.

The life saving crew got to the Kerr bumboat, a mile from shore, inside the long break-water. The waves were apparently battering the bumboat to pieces. The life saving crew returned at 2 o'clock. They succeeded in taking off thirty men and one woman and loaded them on the tug Crawford. The bumboat became a total wreck.

Minor accidents, some of them probably fatal, were reported by the score during all day and night, and reports from Milwaukee, Racine, and all along the west shore, showed that the storm was as terrible in its effects there as it was at Chicago.

Up to 8 o'clock p. m. six wrecks had been reported between Twenty-sixth and Thirty-fifth streets alone, and the life saving crew there had at that time brought eight bodies ashore. Toward dusk six men were seen floating on an upturned hull, and soon the latter sank.

The schooner M. J. Cummings dragged her anchors and foundered 1000 feet from shore off Milwaukee, Wis. The life saving crew went to the rescue. A line was got aboard but it broke, and the lifeboat drifted off, capsized and floated southward. Frank Goorpes, surfman No. 6, managed to get aboard the schooner and lashed the crew of six men and a woman to the rigging.

Watched by 6000 people gathered on the piers and along the shores, the tug Knight Templar, towing a scow bearing another crew of life savers, started out to rescue the imperiled people. Back of the scow was towed an empty surfboat, which, with the scow, was permitted to drop down toward the wreck. When the surfboat was within fifty feet of the wreck one of the men in the Cummings's mizzen rigging threw up his hands and fell backward into the boiling waters. A short time before another had perished similarly.

Finally the surfboat dropped close to the sunken vessel. Two figures slowly descended the shrouds of the mizzenmast and clung to lines but a few feet above the waves. Five minutes passed as attempt after attempt was made by the life savers to swing the lifeboat near the waiting men. A cry went up from the crowd on shore as one figure was seen to leap from the rigging and land in the boat. Two minutes later a man sprang far out, and as the boat ascended a wave, it was seen that there were two figures in the boat. Then a cheer that drowned the roaring of the breakers went up from the throats on shore.

Slowly the long line that held the surfboat was paid out, and the two rescued men were permitted to drift toward the shore—one moment lost to sight in the foaming breakers, and again alive and sure of rescue as the boat rose on the top of some mighty billow. Along the beach at the foot of Jones Island a crowd ran to meet the rescued men, and they were dragged to a place of safety.

The dead were: Captain John McCullough, Marine City; Mate Timothy Bosour, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thomas Tuscott, sailor, Marine City; unknown sailor, Marine City; sailor named "Jim," Marine City; cook (woman), unknown, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hail, Wind and Snow Storms.

A blizzard prevailed at Gaylord, Mich. Snow covered the ground.

A heavier snow storm than any during the winter prevailed at Markesan, Wis. The thermometer registered thirty degrees. A terrific gale blew from the north.

The worst snow storm of the season raged at Kiel, Wis., from the north. Snow fell to a depth of five inches.

A terrible hail storm broke over Decatur, Ill., and in fifteen minutes did thousands of dollars' damage. The hot houses of N. Bommersback and A. Balmer were damaged to the extent of $500 each. Hail stones were picked up which measured eleven inches in circumference. Several persons who did not get under cover quick enough carry cuts on their heads as a result.

A heavy storm passed several miles north of Naperville, Ill. Hailstones ruined corn and other crops. The wind storm blew down the front of the Dunn Business Block in Bloomington, Ill., and damaged several other buildings.

For half an hour Alliance, Ohio, was enveloped in nearly total darkness during the worst storm which ever struck that part of the State. The velocity of the wind was over sixty miles an hour. Hundreds of shade trees and chimneys were swept before the storm. Lightning destroyed the Central Union Telephone Exchange and burned out every telephone in the city.

A severe hail and wind storm did great injury at Canal, Fulton and Navarre, in Ohio. Houses were unroofed and moved from their foundations, and the hail stood two inches deep on the streets. One hailstone, picked up at the Massillon Asylum, measured five inches in circumference. Traffic on the Wheeling and Lake Erie was blocked by a washout, caused by a waterspout in Jefferson County, between Steubenville and Warrenton.

Great damage was reported from the section southwest of Indianapolis, Ind. In Patriot, Switzerland County, Ind., hailstones as big as snowballs slivered trees and pounded the wheat into the earth. Six inches of ice fell in places. A heavy wind storm passed over Anderson, Ind., doing considerable damage.

Later Particulars.

The list of dead, as the result of the storm on the lakes, counts up twenty-six, it being known that none of the crew of the schooner William Shupe, ashore near Port Huron, Mich., were drowned. They were taken off in safety just before the vessel went to pieces, and the list is increased notwithstanding this rescue by the death of six men who are now known to have been drowned at Chicago.

Four of the drowned men lived at 126 Ambrose street, and were out of employment. They went out on the lake fishing in a small boat, and the storm arose soon after they had left the shore.

One thing remarkable about the storm was the light loss sustained by insurance companies. From the underwriter's standpoint the gale will not cost more than $25,000 insurance. As far as could be learned there was no insurance on any of the boats wrecked at Chicago, while the insurance of the Cummings, at Milwaukee, Wis., will not exceed $5000. It is thought the companies were caught for a loss of from $5000 to $8000 on the lumber cargoes of the lost schooners.

FOUR STUDENTS LOST.

Went for a Sail in Boston Harbor and Their Catboat Overturned.

Four Harvard students met death in a squall in Boston (Mass.) harbor off City Point. They were; Edwin Stanton Bach, of New York; John Farnum Browne, of Philadelphia; William Campbell Trusdell, of Newark, N. J.; Franklin Whitall, of Philadelphia.

The fact was not known until two days after, when their submerged boat and two bodies were found. The latest report was that two more bodies had been seen floating off the east side of Thompson's Island.

Two coats were found near the island. In one were letters addressed to Browne, and in the other letters addressed to Trusdell. Boatkeeper Henry T. Hutchins, at City Point, said he let his catboat Crescent to four young men Sunday. Two hours later he noticed them in the path of a squall. He saw them no more, but supposed they had landed somewhere. He looked for his boat but found nothing to indicate that it had been wrecked.

This story led to misgivings, and, the letters indicating that the receivers were Harvard students, inquiry was made at Cambridge.

Mrs. Willey, with whom the young men boarded, said they had told her that they were going for a sail. She had not heard from them since.

Boatman Hutchins then sent out a searching party. The upturned boat was found near the spot where she was last seen. The bodies of Browne and Bach were found clinging to the mast. Each was locked in the arms of the other, and they had to be lifted from the water together. They had partially disrobed.

Trusdell was a third-year man in the law school. He was an exceptionally bright student, and was graduated from Princeton in 1890.

Browne was graduated from Haverford College, near Philadelphia, last year, and was a senior at Harvard.

Bach was in the junior class. John S. Bach, his elder brother, has come to Boston and says his family is prostrated by the sad news.

Whitall was a graduate from Harvard College last June, and entered the senior class last fall to get the degree of A. B. Browne and Whitall were room-mates.

KILLED WIFE AND SELF.

Alanson Hyatt Stabbed Her Five Times With a Jackknife.

A double tragedy, murder and a suicide startled Waverley, N. Y. Alanson Hyatt was the murderer and his wife the victim of his murderous assault. Whisky and consequent domestic troubles were the causes. When in liquor Hyatt was ugly and abusive to his wife. She bore with him for years, but recently was forced to leave him on account of his ill treatment.

He went a few days ago to the little house in which she lived with her aged mother and three unmarried daughters and finding a neighbor there, assaulted him savagely, seriously injuring him. For this he was arrested and held in $500 bonds to the Grand Jury. His wife was one of the witnesses against him. Since then she has feared for her life and has kept her doors locked.

Hyatt told a friend that he would kill himself within an hour. He then went to his wife's house and crawled through a window into the cellar. Entering the kitchen where she was at work he stabbed her four times in the back and once in the chest with a large jackknife, sinking the long blade to its hilt at every stroke. He then thrust the blade through his own neck, opening both jugular veins and died almost instantly. The wife lived two hours.

The mother of Mrs. Hyatt, eighty-four years old, attempted to assist her daughter and received an ugly slash across the hand. She gave the alarm and neighbors rushed to her aid. They were horrified at the sight of the man and wife writhing in their own blood, that covered the floor and was spattered over the walls.

Hyatt was fifty-six years old. His wife was fifty-four. They had five daughters grown to womanhood.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

BURGLARS and highwaymen are spreading terror among the residents of New Jersey towns.

MEMBERS of the armor plate fraud board will hereafter hold their sittings in Pittsburg, Penn., instead of inside the Carnegie works.

MRS. CLEVELAND, wife of the President, with her two children, arrived safely from Washington at the home of her mother, Mrs. Perrine, in Buffalo, N. Y., where she will make a short visit before going to Buzzard's Bay.

THE General Term at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., affirmed Judge Barnard's order punishing McKane for contempt. The hearing of the appeal from McKane's conviction was postponed until June 18, when it will be heard in Brooklyn.

"DINK" WILSON, the murderer of Detective Harvey, of Syracuse, was executed by electricity at Auburn, N. Y.

WILLIE MAHAN, of Newark Valley, N. Y., was killed and a dozen persons hurt in a wreck on the Auburn division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

FIVE women from Moody's school, in Northfield, Mass., were driving down a steep hill when the harness broke and their horse ran away. All the women were thrown from the carriage. The youngest, Miss Blood, struck an iron grating and was instantly killed.

EUGENE BRADY, a maniac, killed his mother, aged sixty-five, at Albany, N. Y., and attempted to kill four other persons. With knives in his hands he ran wildly about the streets cutting right and left, assaulting every one he met.

FROST over New York State and Massachusetts damaged fruit beds and strawberries. Ice formed at Monticello, N. Y.

THE eighth Brooklyn Handicap, a mile and a quarter, worth $17,000 to the winner, $5000 to the second horse and $2000 to the third, was run over the Gravesend (N. Y.) race course, in the presence of over thirty thousand people. It was won by Fred Foster's four-year-old chestnut colt, Dr. Rice, ridden by Fred Taral, with Byron McClelland's three-year-old chestnut colt Henry of Navarre, ridden by A. Clayton, second, and Oneck Stable's bay colt Sir Walter, ridden by Doggett, third. The time was 2.07¼.

A SUCCESSFUL test of armor plate for the Monadnock, Puritan and Maine was made at the Bethlehem (Penn.) Iron Company's proving ground.

BISHOP LITTLEJOHN'S twenty-fifth anniversary of his office was held in the Cathedral in Garden City, Long Island, N. Y., and the presentation of the pastoral staff was a most imposing affair.

THE levy of an extra assessment of $525 in Philadelphia by the Supreme Council of the Order of Tonti was followed by an application there for the appointment of a receiver for the Order. The complainants allege that in a year hence the obligations of the Order will amount to about $7,500,000, and that its assets will not exceed $2,000,000.

THE pavilions and other buildings of Jones's Woods, a pleasure resort in New York City, and three blocks of surrounding houses were burned and fifty horses roasted to death, causing a possible loss of over $700,000.

DR. SAMUEL G. MUTCHMORE, of Philadelphia, was chosen Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Saratoga, N. Y.

MANY valuable port records and over $150,000 worth of property were destroyed in a Boston fire.

THE gunboat Castine was cut in two at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Navy Yard and will be lengthened fourteen feet to make her seaworthy.

South and West.

THE bodies of two young Englishmen, W. M. Rogers and W. McDonald, were found in Harquhala Desert, sixty miles from Phœnix, Arizona. The men were prospectors, and perished from thirst while attempting to cross forty miles of desert on foot.

MUCH damage to property was done by the bursting of a dam in Montana.

MAYOR HOPKINS and Health Commissioner Reynolds issued a proclamation to the public, requiring every one in Chicago to be vaccinated.

HOGAN, the leader of the train-seizing Commonwealers in Montana, was sentenced to six months in jail, while his forty-two followers were sentenced to sixty days each. The Coxeyites overpowered a United States Marshal of Idaho at Montpelier, Wyoming, and captured a Union Pacific train, on which they went East.

THE General Assembly at Baton Rouge, La., elected Senator Donelson Caffery for the long term as United States Senator, beginning March 5, 1895. Senator Caffery was appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Randall Lee Gibson.

WYATT TATE, the noted Monroe County (Ala.) desperado, was shot and killed in that county by Murdock Fountain, a young farmer.

JACOB S. COXEY, the originator of the Commonweal, was nominated at Canton by the Populists for Congress from the Eighteenth Ohio District.

Two men were killed and two hurt by a cave-in in the Owensburg (Ind.) tunnel.

CONGRESSMAN GATES'S nomination for Governor of Alabama is assured, as more than enough delegates who favor him have been chosen in the County Conventions.

THE Cleveland (Ohio) conference between miners and operators to settle the bituminous coal strike came to naught.

OVER 150 Industrials raided ranches and fruit farms in Vaca Valley, California, for the purpose of driving out the Chinese and and Japanese. They took a number of prisoners and drove them ahead, maltreating them. The Industrials were finally arrested and with the Chinese and Japanese placed in custody in Vacaville.

J. H. BLAYTON shot and killed his young wife at Richmond, Va. He then shot and cut himself.

THE Georgia Populist State Convention at Atlanta nominated J. K. Hines, of Atlanta, for Governor. Hines is a well-known attorney who was at one time a Judge of the Superior Court in Georgia.

HENRY SCOTT, colored, arrested for the murder of his six-year-old stepdaughter, was lynched by a mob of 100 colored men at Jefferson, Texas.

Washington.

THE Government has begun to take precautionary measures against the admission of yellow fever into the country.

THE Republican Senators decided in caucus on the Tariff bill that each should vote as he pleased.

JOHN Y. MCKANE'S appeal for a habeas corpus was overruled by the United States Supreme Court.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was caused in the House of Representatives by a colored man, Matthew A. Cherry, in the public gallery. The man arose and addressed the Speaker, saying that if the Coxey bill was not passed the White House, Treasury and Capitol would be destroyed by thunder and lightning. The Speaker directed the doorkeeper to remove the man, which was done with some difficulty.

JUDGE MILLER denied the motion for a new trial in the cases of Coxey, Browne and Jones, the Commonwealers, and ordered the defendants to appear for sentence.

THE excess of Government expenditures over receipts for the ten and a half months of the fiscal year to date is $70,000,000, the round figures standing: Receipts, $257,000,000; expenditures, $327,000,000.

CHARGES that money was offered by a lobbyist to Senators Kyle and Hunton for their votes on the Tariff bill may be investigated.

THE Naval Inspection Board severely criticised the equipment of the new cruiser Marblehead.

Foreign.

ONE man was killed and several injured in a fight between Catholics and Orangemen at Portadown on the Bawn, in Ireland.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S sciatica grew worse, and his journey to Varzin was postponed.

THE small Argentine steamer Thyra, carrying 350 tons of wheat, collided with the Italian steamer Remo, from Genoa, off San Pepro, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil. The Thyra went down almost immediately, and seven of her crew were drowned.

A SEVERE earthquake shook Mioko, in the Bismarck archipelago. Nearly all the dwellings were levelled to the ground. Missionaries and traders suffered heavy losses.

THE Brazilian Congress unanimously approved President Peixoto's action in severing diplomatic relations with Brazil; it was believed in Lisbon that the trouble would be amicably settled.

COUNT PARATY, Portuguese Minister to Brazil, turned over the archives of his legation to the British Minister in Rio Janeiro.

A WHITE microbe has attacked the roots of the wheat crops in La Vendee, Brittany, and Anjou, France, and is doing much damage.

A RIOT in Leon, Nicaragua, resulted in the killing of four soldiers, three policemen and six leaders of the mob. Nicaraguans fear their country will be seized by the United States if the murdering of Americans is not stopped.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies approved the war budget by a majority of nine, after a stormy debate.

THE United States Consul-General, William Hayden Edwards, died at Berlin, Germany, of brain fever. He leaves a widow and two children. The burial took place at Potsdam. Mr. Edwards was appointed from Ohio, and had been for almost seventeen years in the service of the State Department.

TAILOR DOWE'S bullet proof armor was subject to further tests, a few days since, at Spandau, Germany, with satisfactory results.

AMBASSADOR BAYARD intimated to the British Government the desire of the Administration to withdraw from the Samoan agreeemnt.

THE LABOR WORLD.

IT requires forty men to make an ax.

LABOR UNIONS in China are 3000 years old.

LABOR is more fully employed than a year ago.

A BLACKSMITH in Jerusalem can make $1.92 per week.

OF the 25,000 bookbinders in this country only 5000 are organized.

THE Swiss watch industry is suffering from severe depression.

A BEEF-BONERS' UNION has been organized in Kansas City, Mo.

THE union clerks at Nashville, Tenn., have organized a fife and drum corps.

THE initiation fee of Laborers' Union Protective Society has been raised to $10.

THE number of textile workers in this country is estimated at about 800,000.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to increase the wages of boys in glass factories ten per cent.

CHICAGO'S Health Commissioner will organize forty medical students as sweat shop inspectors.

THE fourth annual convention of the National Textile Union was held recently in Philadelphia.

THE 'Longshoremen's National Union is now about one year old, and it has thirty-two local branches.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers held, recently, its annual National Convention at St. Paul, Minn.

THE labor organizations in Jersey City Heights, N. J., formed an association to establish a Labor Lyceum in that vicinity.

IN consequence of the coal strikes in this country Scotch mine owners were asked to tender shipments of coal for the United States.

PRESIDENT MCBRIDE estimated that 175,000 out of the 194,000 bituminous coal miners in the United States joined the strike.

BUSINESS men of New York City, who have in their employment 20,000 boys, have determined to give the preference to boys that do not smoke cigarettes.

THE oldest guild in England is the Worshipful Company of Blacksmiths. It still enjoys the ancient right of inspecting any smith's shop within four miles of the boundary of London.

THE first contract given out for stone under the recent New York State law, which provides that all stone used in the State or municipal work shall be cut and dressed in and by citizens of the State, is for the court house of Rensselaer County. The price is $110,000.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, seventy-six years of age, is the oldest employe in the service of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He is in charge of all engineering work connected with the right of way from the Susquehanna to the Schuylkill River. He became connected with the company in 1837.

ACRES OF FLAME.

Half a Million Loss in Ships, Houses, Coal and Lumber.

Fire which raged along the water front at Pawtucket, R. I., did a fearful amount of damage.

All the coal and lumber yards in that place have been destroyed. Also a two-masted schooner and four dwelling houses. There is great damage to shipping especially. The loss will reach $500,000 to $750,000.

It is supposed that the blaze was started by a tramp in one of the big lumber yards. Many acres were burned over.

SANDOW, the Strong Man, has been matched to wrestle Colonel Boone's lion at San Francisco. The lion will be muzzled and have his claws clipped. The match is the outcome of the recent failure to bring off a match between the lion and a bear.

Hamlet, N. Y.

Sick Headaches

Life - Long Troubles Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been troubled with sick headache, since I was a child. Doctors and remedies all did me no good, until I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and thought I would give it a trial. Five bottles cured me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I shall always be a warm friend to Hood's Sarsaparilla and I do not know anything better for a family medicine. I have also used Hood's Vegetable Pills and think them the best." MRS. LIZZIE PERSON, Box 122, Hamlet, New York.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

Sterilizing Milk by Electricity.

A method of sterilizing milk by the aid of an electric current has been devised by two Dutch inventors. Many proposals have been brought forward recently for sterilizing water in this way, but milk has proved a much more difficult fluid, because of the large amount of pabulum for microorganisms which it contains. The milk to be sterilized is submitted to the action of a strong alternating current, which is applied to it in the ordinary dairy utensils.—New York World.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

THE star sapphire shows in its depth a white star with five rays.

DON'T Wheeze and cough when Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will cure. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

A Beautiful Souvenir Spoon

Will be sent with every bottle of *Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure.* Ordered by mail, postpaid, 50 cts. Address, Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

Shiloh's Cure

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c., 50c., $1

IN 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

ENTHESINE PERMANENTLY CURES

Eczema, Erysipelas, Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Etc.

THE ONLY BLOOD MEDICINE

Free From Mercury.

PINT BOTTLE, $2.00.

SPECIFIC REMEDIES COMPANY, L't'd 949 Broadway, New York.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

The Subject: "Recovered Families" (Preached at Little Rock, Ark.).

TEXT: "Then David and the people that were with him lifted up their voice and wept until they had no more power to weep. * * * David recovered all."—I Samuel xxx., 4, 19.

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding goodby to their families and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronze warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child.

Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families of how they dodged the battleax, and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half healed wound. With glad, quick step, they march on. David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheek turns pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas, the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy!

The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village and carried the mothers, and the wives, and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping, for when a strong warrior weeps the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries, "Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other 400 men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him and compel him to tell the whole story. He says, "Yonder they went, the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye 400 brave men of fire!

Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, and under Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full; the music is roused; the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bugle or warning of trumpet, David and his 400 men burst upon the scene. David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity and under Amalekitish guard throws them into a very fury of determination, for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind! Amid the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed underfoot, the wounded Amalekites lie, their blood mingling with their wine, shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amid a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence, but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let Thine enemies perish!

Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where staid the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for a pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into the battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said, "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey and be gone weeks and months and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary and have his family on the step to greet him if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters, there are Amalekitish diseases that sometimes comes down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families you represent broken up. No battering ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amid the curtains, but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned the home has departed.

Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scariet fevers or pleurisies or consumptions or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or railroad and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the doorbell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalakitish death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amid the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead. I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh, no! You say "The world is not so bright to us as once it was," and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills expecting only beauty and loveliness you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

One day, in Ulster County, N. Y., the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his own home. With hands joined, amid a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour. The dead minister of Christ is brought to another village.

He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed the messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the open door of a sepulchre. Ziklag in ashes!

I preached this sermon to-day because I want to rally you, as David rallied his men, for the recovery of the loved and the lost. I want not only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may and to tell you how.

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented. We must repent. They prayed. We must pray. They trusted in Christ. We must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life. We must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now they are gone, there is a halo around their names, but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus they would have all perished, but Christ confronted them and said. "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off they said, "Oh, we are so tired; we are so sick; we are so hungry!" But the men who had charge of them said: "Stop this crying. Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They had to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to struggle! How their old hearts ached! How sometimes they had a tussle for bread! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the black raven of trouble. Did you ever hear the old people, seated by the evening stand, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home circle? Oh, yes! It was trouble that whitened their hair. It was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the luster from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you never remember seeing your old mother sitting on some rainy day looking out of the window, her elbow on the window sill, her hand to her brow, looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all (you well knew she was looking into the distant past), until the apron came up to her eyes because the memory was too much for her?

Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere
Tales of woe they could not speak.

But, this scene of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

"Who are those under the altar?" the question was asked, and the response came, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords, and invulnerable shields, and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amelikites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with tenfold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it. Everything depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David. And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement?

Look! Who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brow more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheek roseate with the health of eternal summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, the feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their face, nevermore to be sick, nevermore to cough, nevermore to limp, nevermore to be old, nevermore to weep. They are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! Strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much farther on toward that heavenly reunion.

If this morning while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a foreign enemy which was to despoil your city, and if they really should succeed in carrying your families away from you, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from the armory or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge on, and coming in front of the foe we would look at them and then look at our families, and the cry would be, "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun.

If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes, we must join them! We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived and find him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer than they once were and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware. They now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes, they are living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when on his couch he tossed in physical torture. No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those 200 men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore; their head ached; their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that they were broken hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them! He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least 200 who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe, "All things work together for good to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls made out of crystallized tears, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy, bathe your brow at the wells of salvation, soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off, O broken hearted man, O broken hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor!

A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument, so I will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed, and I will play music on that." But God says He will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed He will not break." As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease, you want divine nursing, and it is promised you, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." God will see you all the way through, O troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor, for Dr. Robinson says that in April Besor dries up and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the deathbed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way, not because I am a good man, for I am not. I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner, but I have an Almighty Saviour, and both of His arms are around me."

May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land and into the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Feathered Church Choir.

Scores of birds warbled while Rev. Dr. Robbins, of the Lincoln Park Baptist Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, preached his sermon on spring. He had asked the congregation to bring their feathered pets, and the walls and pulpit were covered with cages containing canaries and mocking birds. At times the chorus was so loud that the minister's words were almost drowned

You want the Best

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy, or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, ROYAL Baking Powder is indispensable.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A Taxidermist's Revelations.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in an interview with one of the leading taxidermists of London, brings to light some curious facts about rare birds and their eggs. "Of course," said the great taxidermist, "you know I have made some dodos and a great auk. No? Evidently you are an amateur at taxidermy. We make 'em of grebes' feathers and the like. And the great auk's eggs, too! We make the eggs out of fine porcelain. I tell you it is worth while. They fetch—well, one fetched $1500 only the other day. That one was really genuine, I believe; but, of course, one is never certain. It is very fine work, and afterward you have to get them dusty, for no one who owns one of these precious eggs has ever the temerity to clean the thing. Even if they suspect an egg they do not like to examine it too closely. It is such brittle capital at the best. You did not know that taxidermy rose to such heights as that? It has risen higher. I have rivalled the hands of nature herself! One of the genuine great auks," his voice fell to a whisper—"one of the genuine great auks was made by me! And, what is more, I have been approached by a syndicate of dealers to stock one of the unexplored skerries to the north of Iceland with specimens. I may—some day."

His First High Silk Hat.

Says Colonel Tom Moonlight, the new United States Minister to Bolivia: "I never wore a high silk hat except once. It was when I was Governor of Wyoming and we were celebrating Fourth of July or some other holiday. I was told that the Governor ought to wear a tile, and so I put one on. I had not gone fifty yards before a cowboy, just in from the plains, sent a bullet through it. He said that a man ought to have better sense than to wear a silk hat in Cheynne, and, to tell the truth, my sympathies were with the cowboy."—New York Ledger.

Twice as many women as men are afflicted with neuralgia.

Curiosities in Plants.

Linnæus had a flower clock, a circular plot planted with flowers that opened at different hours of the day.

The "Irish potato" grows wild in the mountains of Chile and Peru, where it is undoubtedly indigenous.

The English evening primrose is a night flower and opens its petals at sunset with a snap like a vegetable torpedo.

The tallest trees in the world grow in Australia. They are a species of marsh gum, and some are said to exceed 300 feet in height.

Over fifty species of plants are included among the breadfruit trees, and over 200 species of palms are known to the botanist.

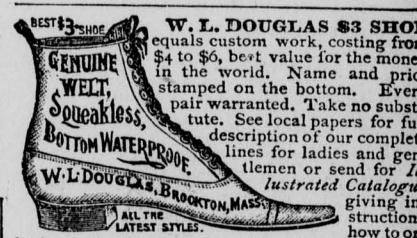
It is estimated that there are upward of 70,000 different kinds of plants, and additions are constantly being made to this number.

THE SCHOOL BOY

—is often a sufferer from headache. The seat of sick headache is not in the brain, for if you regulate the stomach and bowels you'll cure it. Too much brain-work and brain-tire brings on a rush of blood to the head with headache, dizziness or "nose bleed."

Miss BERTHA WOLFE, of *Dayton, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I suffered from loss of appetite, constipation, neuralgia, and great weakness, and had terrible attacks of sick headache very frequently; also nose bleed. My health was so poor that I was not able to go to school for two years. I took Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and in a short time I was strong and well. Many friends are taking your medicines, seeing what they have done for me."

MISS WOLFE.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE equals custom work, costing from $4 to $6, best value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitute. See local papers for full description of our complete lines for ladies and gentlemen or send for *Illustrated Catalogue* giving instructions how to order by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

HALMS Anti-Rheumatic Anti-Catarrhal **Chewing Gum**

Cures and Prevents Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Catarrh and Asthma. Useful in Malaria and Fevers. Cleanses the Teeth and Promotes the Appetite. Sweetens the Breath, Cures the Tobacco Habit. Endorsed by the Medical Faculty. Send for 10, 15 or 25 cent package. *Silver, Stamps or Postal Note.* GEO. R. HALM, 140 West 29th St., New York.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

N Y N U—21

PATENTS A. M. LEGG & CO. 515 Third St., N. W., Washington, D. C., ATTORNEYS FOR INVENTORS. Procure both American and Foreign Patents. Buy and sell Patents in all classes of Inventions. Employ agents everywhere and pay BIG SALARIES. Correspondence from inventors and live agents solicited.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Sell on Sight.

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES.

High Grade in Every Particular.

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, LIGHTEST WEIGHTS.

We stake our business reputation of over fifty years that there is no better wheel made in the world than the LOVELL DIAMOND.

AGENTS WANTED.

Semi-Racer, Wt. 23 lbs. *Ladies' Light Roadster, Wt. 30 lbs.*

WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT. BICYCLE CATALOGUE FREE.

We have a few boys' and girls' bicycles which we will close out at each. Former price, **$35.00.** First come, first served. **$15.75**

Send ten cents in stamps or money for our **LARGE 400** page illustrated catalogue of Bicycles, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Skates, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle and hundreds of other articles.

With this catalogue any one can sit in their own home and order such things as they want. We guarantee it worth ten times this amount, ten cents being the exact cost of mailing.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

"East, West, Home is Best," if Kept Clean with

SAPOLIO

The Mapleton Item

I. N. SWOPE, - - Editor & Proprietor.

THE ITEM" WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT THE FOLOWING RATES IN ADVANCE:

ONE YEAR,.....$1.00
SIX MONTHS,.....50
THREE MONTHS,.....25

Entered at the Post Office at Mapleton Depot, Pa. as second-class matter.

TROUGH CREEK.

Notwithstanding the opposition in the sheep-shearing, the sheep in the valley are not all clipped.

Our supervisor is giving the valley road a big overhauling which makes it hard to get over on account of the wet weather but it will be all the better when it dries off.

J. F. Swope has had the addition that he built to his house last fall as well as the old part painted and now has one of the largest and most pleasantly located residences in the valley.

The dry spell that people have been complaining so much of has been broken by gentle showers at first and then by a flood that on Sunday, the 20th, at A. W. Wright's it was within 10 inches of being as high as the June flood.

I heard a person, that is no church member, make the remark recently that whenever there was anything special to take place at a certain church in our valley that is not as strong as another church that the stronger one always tried to have something to keep people from going to the weaker. How apt we are to see other's faults and how careful professing Christians ought to be when we remember the great force of example.

'Squire L. W. Pheasant bargained last fall with Abram Dean, of Huntingdon, to do the carpenter work of his barn. Mr. Dean and his son, Oscar, with others did a good part of the work in early winter. The old gentleman and son both took sick about the same time. The old gentleman died and there were a number of mechanics wanted to finish the job but the 'Squire acted the man by letting the son finish the job, although a number examined the timber and pronounced it spoiled saying that the posts were too short and that the rafters were 7 feet too short all of which was calculated to create uneasiness. It was our privilege to attend and help to raise the barm from the bottom to the top, and as the old Mr. Dean was a Trough Creek boy and one of our first pupils it was a pleasure to us to see that the barn went together without a single mistake, which seldom happens even with older mechanics and to hear some pronounce it the best frame in the valley.

I was at a neighbor's recently who, pointing to a bare place in his clover field, said that he believed there were 300 crows there one day and he thought they were after grubworms and went and examined, but could see no sign of grubworms, and as they were back the next day near the same place he thought they were taking the clover and he shot at them to scare them away. I said they were likely after the cloverworms, which he said he had not noticed or heard of, which was strange as he is a man who reads a good deal. On my way home I examined his clover and found it polluted with worms which of course the pestive crows were after, thus they were a blessing in disguise. If I am correct in my memory away back in the fifties our legislature passed an act imposing a fine on any one guilty of killing or destroying the nest of any insectiverous bird. If they had included the innocent partridge in the list and imposed a fine of $10 or $20 on any one guilty of killing one at any season of the year, I venture that there would be enough of them by this time to gather nearly every clover worm that crawls besides many other destructive insects. They are certainly the greatest insect gatherer that we have and hence the farmer's best friend of the feathered tribe.

MOUNT UNION.

H. K. Nissley, of Mt. Joy, was in town on business on Saturday last.

J. Hud McCarthy, of Rockhill, was visible in town on Saturday last.

Mrs. Nettie Hunter returned on Friday last from a trip to Philadelphia.

Rev. D. H. Campbell and T. A. Appleby, of this place, are representing this presbytery at the general assembly which is in session at Saratoga, N. Y.

Mr. Glenn Meek, of Altoona, was the guest of B. F. Ewing's family on Saturday last.

Miss Annie Stratford left on Saturday evening for Altoona, after spending several weeks among friends in this place.

The inclement weather affected the graduating exercises of the high school which were advertised to come off on Friday evening last but did not materialize.

The fifth anniversary of the Epworth League which was to have been celebrated on last Sunday in the M. E. church of this place was put off until next Sunday.

Mrs. Effie Sordon and sister, Miss Lottie Albert, of this place, started on Saturday last for Mrs. S.'s home, Washington, D. C., after a stay with friends here of several weeks.

Harry C. Kieferle, who arrived in this place from New York several weeks ago to spend a well earned vacation, has accepted a position on the Port Royal *Times* and started for his new field on Friday last.

The game of base ball, which was to have been played on the new grounds of the home team on Saturday last with the McVeytown club, was postponed indefinitely on account of the flooding of the grounds on Sunday by the previous heavy rains.

The semi-annual convention of the W. C. T. U. of Huntingdon county will be held in the M. E. church of this place on Wednesday and Thursday. On Wednesday evening Mrs. Hommer, state president of the organizatian, will deliver an address.

The recent heavy rains put the Juniata river up within five feet of the work reached during the memorable June flood of 1889. Quite a good many fences on the farms of Dr. W. T. Shaffer and Alex. Maxwell were washing away as well as drowning out a good deal of wheat, corn and other products which were growing nicely.

PLANK CABIN VALLEY.

The prospect for small fruit, peaches and plums is fair; apples not so good.

Eli Keith raised his new barn on the 13th inst. M. J. Elias was the contractor.

The corn is planted and coming up and the crows are busy in some fields pulling it out.

Mrs. Isaac Keith has been very sick, but we learn she is convalescing. We hope she will soon be restored to health.

There will be an increased acreage planted in potatoes this year in this valley. Perhaps the people are looking for the Coxeyites this fall.

The Epworth League held their anniversary at the Trough Creek church on the evening of the 13th, the Cassville chapter participating in the exercises. They had a very good program, each part of which was well rendered. Good seed was sown and we hope that it will take root and produce fruit to the glory of God.

John Whitney, aged about 79 years, died on the evening of the 15th inst. The funeral which was an unusually large one, took place on afternoon of the 17th inst. Interment in Trough Creek cemetery, Rev. R. H. Stine officiating. Mr. Whitney was born in South Wales, England, and came to this country in his early life, followed well digging and mining for a livelihood and was fortunate enough to accumulate plenty of this world's goods to make him comfortable in his days of old age and infirmity. He gave himself to the Lord and his name to the M. E. church, of which he lived a consistent member for upwards of 55 yeears.

BEAVERTOWN.

The timber lease of C. H. Boyer expired on the 16th inst.

Joseph Harbaugh took quite ill while paying his son, Max, a visit.

Our postmaster, James Stapleton, is still on the sick list. However, there is some improvement in his condition.

We are informed there will be a special meeting of a literary character held in the Trough Creek M. E. church in the near future.

Elder C. F. Reitzel and W. B. Stapleton returned from a week's visit in Cambria county. They were the guests of I. A. Griffith, formerly of Trough Creek valley.

Last Saturday while Amos Saylor and E. N. McNerlin were falling trees in the wood the axe of the latter caught in the limbs of a tree, changing its course, striking Saylor in the leg below the knee, making an ugly wound, which will likely disable him for several days.

John Whitney passed peacefully to rest last Tuesday a week, of paralysis. He was nearly eighty years of age. He was of Welsh decent, having been in this country about sixty years. "Uncle John," as they all called him, was a great friend of children and all the children loved to hear him talk. The funeral was held in the Trough Creek M. E. church, at which place he was a consistent member for years. The funeral was largely attended, Rev. R. F. Stine officiating.

MILL CREEK.

N. Carothers spent Sunday with his family.

Mrs. E. A. Green recently visited at Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

Excitement due to the high water caused an entire suspension of all church observances on the Sabbath day.

Mrs. Charles Bordell, an aged lady of Buckstown, died last week and was buried in Allensville on Thursday. She was aged about 80 years.

Among the losses caused by the flood may be mentioned the following: Furniture and poultry of Wm. Bordell; damage to I. N. Foust's flouring mill; displacement of Mrs. Nancy Simpson's stable, and injury to her house; numerous fences swept off or displaced of property holders in the lower end of town; and numerous ties swept off the P. R. R. wharf, the principal losers from lumber and ties being washed away, being Bare & Brown, Leonard Stell and the railroad company. Two spans of the iron bridge spanning the river above town were demolished and travel from Trough Creek will be considerably crippled for some time. Hereaways the water was within nine feet of the high water mark of the June flood of '89.

The Pennsylvania tramp law provides that any tramp who enters a dwelling house against the permission of the owner, or even kindles a fire on road or land of another without the owner's consent, may, on conviction, be sentenced to imprisonment for the act of vagrancy, such as going about from place to place is prima facie evidence that the offender is a tramp, and he cannot escape as such unless he can prove by satisfactory evidence that he does not make a practice of begging. A peculiarity of the Pennsylvania tramp act is the authority it gives to any person, an officer or otherwise, upon view of any offense described in the act, to arrest the offender and take him before a magistrate. Every citizen and any number of citizens in the country are officers for enforcement of this law.

Frederick C. Fink, the expert accountant who has been examining the affairs of the defunct New Bloomfield bank, has made his report. The report shows that for eighteen years prior to the time at which the bank was closed it was insolvent, and that during that period it became more deeply involved each year. Mr. Fink can trace losses of $95,000, but there is a shortage of $56,000, for which he can find no explanation. Over $10,000 of judgment notes are marked satisfied on the docket, but the bank's books show no returns of the money. The money in the assignee's hands will be only sufficient to pay the preferred creditors and the expenses, leaving nothing to pay the $110,000 due to depositors and other creditors.

1894 UNLOADING SALE.

Beginning with May 14th and to Continue for 30 Days.

I have an immense stock of agricultural implements, wagons, etc., that must be sold. Prices down to suit the times. Corn cultivators, mowers, binders, and binder twine a specialty. Call and examine my stock or write for price list. Extras furnished for all leading makes of machinery. A. S. WELCH,
Shirley Street, Mount Union, Pa.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.
(Estate of L. O. Kelly, deceased.)

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, the undersigned will exose to public sale on the premises on

Saturday, June 9, 1894,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, the following described real estate to-wit: All that certain TRACT OF LAND situate in Cass township, in said county, bounded on the west and northwest by lands of Isaac Dell, on the northeast by lands of Amos Smith, on the east and southeast by lands of Geo. L. Smith, and on the south by lands of Michael Stever, containing nine (9) acres and seventy-seven (77) perches, more or less, and having erected thereon a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, Blacksmith Shop, and other improvements.

It will be stated on day of sale as to when possession will be given to the purchaser.

TERMS:—Ten (10) per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when property is struck down; forty (40) per cent. on confirmation of sale, when deed will be delivered, and the balance in one year after confirmation of sale, with interest, to be secured by the judgment of the purchaser.

CATHARINE A. DAVID,
Executrix of Lawrence O. Kelly, dec'd.

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CHAS. INGWERS,

The Pittsburg Tailor

-FOR A-

Fine and Perfect-Fitting

SUIT.

Mount Union, - Penn'a.

PENN STREET .....Restaurant.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

Wholesale and Retail

I will receive daily the Best Shell and Tub Oysters in the Market.

When in Town Try My 25c. STEWS.

The only Ladies' Restaurant in the city. Open until 12 o'clock Every Night.

G. W. FISHER,
Huntingdon, - Pa.

Are You Awake

to the fact that every cent or dollar saved is so much made?

Are You Aware

that money can be saved by taking advantage of the cash bargains to be had at our store?

Do You Know

that we keep the best assorted stock of General Merchandise in town? We know this. In Dry Goods we can offer you just as good bargains and just as good goods as you can get by sending away from home.

Come And See

what bargains we can give you.

J. G. Gillam.

JUST ARRIVED.

A Full Line of MEN'S, LADIES', and CHILDRENS' SHOES,

Which I wish to dispose of Hard Times Prices.

A lot of Men's Shoes at $1.00, $1.15 and $1.25. Can't be beat.

Ladies' Shoes from $1.00 upwards.

A full line of Dry Goods, Notions, Froceries, Table and Floor Oil Cloth.

Marketable Produce taken in exchange for goods at Cash Prices.

S. B. MYERS,

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

HUNTINGDON, PA. Opposite Opera House.

CONGRESS,

Whether it adjourns or not, we are ready for the Spring Trade. We have refitted our store room and put in an attractive

5c and 10c Counter,

With an array of Useful Goods. House-cleaning is now on the first page, and we are prepared for it with

Lace Curtains from 47c pair up.
Poles, 18c, complete.
Roller Blinds at 20c.
Oil Cloths, Linolium, etc.

On hand now a second lot of

Choice Dress Goods,

Also, a splendid bargain in yard-wide Muslin at 5 cents. The most handsome lot of Ladies'

Oxfords and Shoes

From 50 cents to $300, in Huntingdon.

Lynn's Novelty Store,
Huntingdon, Pa.

The Mapleton Item.

Mapleton Depot, Pa., May 23, 1894

LOCAL NOTES.

—B. F. Baker was a juryman at court last week.

—Entertainment this evening in McConahy's hall.

—Huntingdon Presbytery will meet in Bellwood on June 2d.

—B. F. Ripple, of Mount Union, spent Sunday with Mapleton friends.

—The Republican state convention is in session at Harrisburg to-day.

—A young daughter arrived to grace the home of Dr. W. J. Campbell last Friday.

—Miss Bessie, daughter of M. L. Neice, spent last week with Huntingdon friends.

—The program for the observance of Memorial Day in Mapleton will be found on our eighth page.

—J. G. Spangler, of Harrisburg, spent a couple days of the past week with his parents in this place.

—Mrs. Peter Fry and daughter, of Newport, were among the visitors to Mapleton during the past week.

—The Lewistown public schools have been closed on account of a case of small pox in the south ward.

—The employees in the P. R. R. shops at Altoona now work eight hours a day and three days out of a week.

—Frank Stever, of Hare's Valley, was made happy by the arrival of a young mule driver at his home on Sunday morning.

—A valuable cow belonging to Mrs. J. E. McConahy was killed by mail west at the tannery crossing last Wednesday afternoon.

—The scarcity of soft coal in the United States has necessitated the importation of vast quantities of that article from Nova Scotia and Wales.

—Geo. Durham, John Harrington and Joseph Hair were convicted in the U. S. court at Pittsburg last week of robbing the postoffice at Mill Creek, this county.

—Every well developed adult of the human species has lung surface equal to 1,400 square feet. The heart's power is sufficient to lift itself 13,000 feet each hour.

—M. E. church services for next Sabbath: Sunday school, 9 A. M.; class service, 10.15 A. M.; Junior league, 3.30 P. M.; Senior league, 6.30 P. M., preaching service, 7.30 P. M.

—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from the trustees and faculty of the Pennsylvania State college to be present at the exercises of commencement week, June 10 to 13.

—A certain truthful country newspaper supplies this beautiful smile: "You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soap suds as to attempt to do business aud ignore advertising."

—The postoffice department has given notice that the last "h" should be dropped from the names of towns that end in "burg." Centres are to be "ter" instead of "tre," and the boroughs "boro." The intention is to simplify the spelling of the names of towns.

—John Shaffer, a well-known young man of Huntingdon, committed suicide on Tuesday afternoon last by severing his windpipe with a razor. The deceased had for some time been troubled with an affection of the head and on two previous occasions had been confined in the asylum. He was aged about 36 years. A brother, who was similarly affected, committed suicide about two years ago.

—We are obliged to again call the attention of correspondents to the fact that we do not care for communications containing slurs or insinuations calculated to injure, ridicule or annoy others. We want news and nothing but news. This is meant in all kindness but a newspaper must not be usued to give vent to personal enmities. A faithful correspondent should give the news without showing partiality to sex, color or creed.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church will conduct a lunch counter in McConahy's room on Memorial Day. They will have for sale tea, coffee, chocolate, cold ham, sandwiches, pickled eggs, cake, pies, peaches and cream, ice cream, etc. Dinner for 25 cents will be served from 11.30 to one o'clock. Supper for the same price will be served from 4.30 o'clock to 10 o'clock P. M. The patronage of the public is solicited.

—NOTICE.—The undersigned wishes to inform the public that he will give instructions on the mandolin, violin, guitar and banjo. Terms: 12 lessons, of one hour each, $5.00, and can also furnish anything in the line of musical instruments, fixtures, sheet music, etc., at lowest prices. Call or address

F. W. KIEFERLE,

Hunter's Drug Store, Mt. Union, Pa.

—An entertainment will be given in McConahy's hall this evening under the auspices of the Epworth League of the M. E. church by W. V. Gilday, which will consist of reproductions of songs, band music, speeches, cornet solos, etc., by Edison's latest improved phonograph. These entertainments are highly endorsed by the press. Mr. Gilday gave a very satisfactory entertainment to an audience in our town during the past winter, and we need not comment further. The program will be entirely changed from that given before. The price of admission for adults, 20 cents; children 10 cents.

The Flood.

The heavy rains of last week resulted in an inundation, general in character and disastrous in results. Railroad, overland and telegraph communication have been interrupted to a considerable extent and at this writing it has been impossible to obtain much accurate information.

The Juniata river came up rapidly Saturday afternoon. Most people surmised that there would be nothing more than the ordinary spring freshet but those who suffered from the flood of 1889 were apprehensive of a repetition of that destructive rush of waters. Early Sunday morning people living along Railroad street commenced packing up their household goods preparatory to making a hasty exit. J. P. Wilson's family was obliged to move first and by noon on Sunday there was about five feet of water in their house. The water did not get into any other houses although some of the people moved out fearing it would.

At 5.48 o'clock Sunday morning the bridge at this place was swept away after having withstood the shock of drift for some time. Considerable drift lodged against Vandevander's bridge and all day Sunday the railroad company had a force of men there attempting to dislodge it but without avail.

Two spans of the bridge at Montgomery hollow north of Mill Creek were swept away Sunday forenoon. The waters abated but little until yesterday, and now the river is within its banks. The flood was about 24 feet above low water mark, being 4 feet less than the flood of 1847 and 11 feet less than that of 1889.

Considerable damage was done at other places Two bridges on Raystown branch were washed away—the Fink and Weaver bridges.

At Mineral Point, on the Western division of the P. R. R. there is a large washout, the track for a distance of about 1,500 feet and several hundred feet of the trestle work of the bridge about two miles east of Conemaugh being washed away, which necessitates the running of all trains to Pittsburg over the H. & B. T. and B. & O. railroads. On the Middle division embankments at different points have been badly washed but at no time have the tracks been entirely washed away and trains have been making comparatively good time.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hydecker.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hydecker, relict of Amos Hydecker, died at the residence of Z. T. McDonald, Wennesday afternoon, May 9, 1894, after an illness of several weeks duration. Her ailment was malaria.

Mrs. Hydecker was a daughter of J. H. Wharton, of Mapleton, and was born in Springfield township, this county, October 28, 1851, hence at the time of her death was aged 42 years, 6 months and 11 days. In 1870 she was married to Amos Hydecker, who was killed by the cars at this place Nov. 18, 1893. To them sixteen children were born, of whom three sons and four daughters are living. The youngest is a babe but a few weeks old which by the request of the deceased has been left to the care of Mrs. Caroline Brumbaugh. Mrs. Hydecker was very much devoted to her children and considering that most of them are very young her death seems to have been untimely, but the ways of Providence, though past human discernment, are always right. The remains were interred in the U. B. cemetery. The ITEM extends sympathy to the bereaved friends.

George Washington Rex.

George Washington Rex, one of Irvona's most respected citizens and best known men, died at his home in that town on Saturday morning, May 12th, 1894, aged 61 years, 3 months and 11 days.

During the past winter and spring Mr. Rex had been in declining health, his disease being a complication of heart trouble and dropsy. For a week or more prior to his death he was, to all appearances, gaining strength and walked about the house and conversed with those about him. He retired Friday night, as usual, and when he awoke, early Saturday morning, talked with his wife, who went down stairs, and after a few minutes returned to her bedroom to find that all that was mortal of her husband had put on the robe of immortality.

The deceased was a truly good christian man in all the word implies, was universally respected, and his whole life from his youth was an exemplary one, always in his quiet way doing what was good and for the best interests of his fellowmen.

Mr. Rex was a prominent citizen of Irvona. He was president of the school board, president of the Harris cornet band, a member of Washington Camp No. 336, P. O. S. of A., of Irvona, Glen Hope Lodge, No. 669, I. O. O. F., Farfield Encampment, of Houtzdale, Adj't. J. C. Noon Post, No. 343, G. A. R., and a consistent member of the Evengelical Lutheran church from his early boyhood. His church relations he retained all through life, having his membership at Coalport since the organization of that congregation. In his departure the Lutheran church at Coalport loses an exemplary member, an active, zealous worker; and the town of Irvona an honest, upright and respectable citizen; and the family a kind father and the wife a loving husband.

Mr. Rex enlisted in the services of his country June 19, 1893, in Company E, thirtieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers and served until honorably discharged.

Mr. Rex was born in Adams county, Pa., Jan. 31, 1833, was a son of Capt. William and Mary Rex, whose family consisted of eight sons and four daughters. Of these, three sons and two daughters survive, viz: Capt. J. L. Rex, of Lake City, Iowa, W. H. and M. L. Rex, of Mapleton, Pa.; Dr. Elizabeth C. Keller, of Jamaica Plaines, Mass., and Lean L. Gildert, of Gettysburg, Pa.

The deceased came to Clearfield county about the year 1851. He was married to Miss Rachel Erhard of New Millport, Nov. 24th, 1859. To this union came four children, two of whom survive, viz: Emma Jane, wife of A. K. Green, of Glen Hope, and Annie Elzora, at home. The departed children are Mary Margaret, who died March 23d, 1864, and Reuben Orlanda, whose death occurred July 12, 1893.

It can be truly said of Mr. Rex that he was without exception one of the most honorable, upright and worthy citizens and his death will not only be sincerely felt in his immediate family, but in the community.

The funeral took place on Monday foom his late residence. Rev. W. M. Spangler, pastor of the Lutheran church officiated, who in well chosen words paid a high tribute to the deceased. Rev. A. W. Guyer assisted in the services. The funeral cortege left at one o'clock for Hagerty's X Roads, where the interment was made according to the solemn ceremony of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, performed by Glen Hope Lodge, which order, with other sister lodges, turned out in large numbers to pay the last tribute to a departed friend and brother. A beautiful dirge was rendered by the Harris band as the funeral passed through Irvona.—*Coalport Standard.*

—Judge Hazen, of the District Court at Topeka, Kansas, has just decided the celebrated case of Reno County Lodge vs. the Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, giving the opinion that the Grand Lodge of Kansas has the right to lay per capita tax for the support of the Deboissere Odd Fellows' Home in Franklin county. The Court recites that the Sovereign Grand Lodge duly authorized such a levy. The decision is of national interest and affects not only the order of Odd Fellows, but all secret orders.

Convention of Huntingdon County Christian Endeavor Union.

The eighth convention of the Huntingdon county Christian Endeavor Union will be held in the Presbyterian church, Petersburg, Pa., May 23 and 24. Following is the program:

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

3.30 Devotions, Rev. H. H. Henry.
3.35. Address of Welcome, Rev. G. B. Troub.
4.00. Response, Rev. D. K. Freeman, D. D.
4.15. Business Meeting.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

7.00. Song Service.
7.15. Address—"Citizenship"—Rev. W. E. Stewart.
7.30. "How to Help Those Who Are Down." Miss Anges E. Wilson.
7.45. "Christian Education," Prof. S. G. Rudy.
8.00, Public Worship. Sermon by Rev. Wm. C. Shaeffer, Ph. D.
9.00. Business Meeting.

THURSDAY MORNING.

8.30. Prayer and Promise Meeting. Warren Simpson.
9.00. "Special Mission of the C. E. in the Country Church," Miss Mamie Harper.
9.10. Open Discussion (Same for following topics.
9.20. "The Reading Room and Literary Circle," Charles Brewster.
9.40. The Endeavor's Influence to Secure Attendance on Public Worship," S.S. Stryker.
10.00. "How to Draw Youug Men," Hezekiah Archy.
10.30. Roll Call and Minute Reports.
11.00. Five Minute Papers or Addresses. General topic, "Our Meetings." 1. The Prayer Meeteting. 2. The Consecration Meeting, Mrs. Mollie A. Smith. 3. Special Missionary and Temperance Meetings. Miss Minnie Hoover. 4. A Live Business Meeting, Lell M. Heffner. 5. Is it C. E. to Raise the Lord's Money in Entertainments and the Like?" Harry Douglass. 6. The Convention, J. G. Hicks.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

1.30. Devotions, Rev. Geo. B. Stewart, D. D.
1.45. Junior Hour.
2.45. Open Parliament, "Our PledgeDuties." Conducted by Jas. Woods, Esq.
3.15. "Anti-Saloon C. E.," Rev. J. F. Deiner.
3.30. Open Discussion. (So next topic.)
3.45. "Giving to Missions," Rev. S. W. Young.
4.15. Business Meeting.
4.30. Boating Excursion.

THURSDAY EVENING.

7.00. Song Service, Rev. C. M. Sandt.
7.15. Missionary Address, Henry W. Luce.
8.00. Address—"Christ Enlarged, Rev. Geo. B. Stewart, D. D.
8.45. Consecration Meeting, Henry W. Luce.

Reformatory Notes.

From Record of May 19th.

Population, 504.

Last consecutive number, 1490.

Cameron county sent us two inmates on Monday.

Franklin county sent us an inmate on Wednesday.

Sixty-nine boys are employed in the brush factory.

Sixty-three dozen shirts were shipped from the shirt factory this week.

Consecutive Nos. 632, 609 and 611 were released on expiration of sentence last week.

A handsome transfer wagon has been received for Reformatory use since our last issue.

Consecutive No. 1033 was returned to the Reformatory on Saturday last for violation of parole.

One thousand pounds of material for hair brushes was received in the brush factory this week.

The stone masons have begun the erection of a stone wall on the foundation formerly occupied by the brush factory.

Thirty-five gross of brushes were shipped from the brush factory this week and orders were received for one hundred gross.

The carpentry class have manufactured a large dough-tray, thirteen feet in length and two feet six inches wide, for use in the bake house.

The following inmates were released on parole on Tuesday: Nos. 653, 766, 863, 951, 981, 1024, 1029, 1069, 1082, 1131, 1137, 1138, 1139 and 1141.

The carpenter work on the new portico in front of the General Superintendent's residence has been completed and is receiving a coat of paint by the class in painting.

The following goods were received in the clothing department this week: One hundred and twenty-seven yards of second grade cloth, twenty-five yards of oil drill, and one dozen of wash rubbers.

The floral class have transferred eight hundred geraniums from the green house to four of the flower beds on the front lawn. The centre of the beds contain pink and scarlet geraniums edged with white bordered ones.

A Pet Dog Saves a Child.

Says a Schwenksville, Pa., special of May 11: A blacksnake five feet long today approached the child of H. H. Saylor, as it lay asleep near the door step. A little dog was with the child and saw the crawling monster when within three feet of the tiny sleeper Without any ado the dog sprang at the reptile, and then began an uneven fight The snake was far too big and powerful to be overcome by so small an antagonist, but the dog fought savagely When the deadly black folds of the serpent began to coil about the dog it yelped loudly. The child was awakened and its screaming brought Mr. Saylor to the scene. He speedily killed the snake and rescued the faithful little beast, which had probably saved the child's life.

Spring Goods

Have now taken the place of Heavier Weights, and as usual, we are up to the times. Our shelves are well stocked with a line of these goods and at prices to suit the times. We are headquarters for Hardware, Fish and Salt. Paints and Oils always on hand. Our stock is complete in every department. Come and see what value you will receive for your money. Thankful for your patronage in the past, and solicitous for the future,

Respectfully,

A. B. Gillam.

A

Happy

New

Year.

Where there is plenty there is generally happiness.

THOSE PEOPLE have the most who get the most for each dollar they spend judiciously.

Your dollar will go farthest at our store. Our stock and assortment are purchased with a view to please our customers. Trade with us.

B. O'CONNOR & SONS

A BIG BLAZE IN BOSTON.

THE HEART OF THE CITY SWEPT BY FLAMES.

The Fire Started by Boys Under the Seats in the Baseball Grounds—Acres of Houses Destroyed and 2000 People Made Homeless—The Loss Over One Million Dollars.

By the torch of an incendiary over a million dollars' worth of property in Boston, Mass., was laid in ashes, over five hundred families of the medium and poorer classes, consisting of over 2000 people, were made homeless, and many of them who had time to save a portion of their household furniture slept that night in the open air, guarding all that they had in the world, on Madison Park and in open lots, which were literally piled six feet high with furniture of every description. Women with babes in their arms and little children huddled close together had only the sky for a roof and the few mattresses saved from the burned tenements for a bed, and no prospects of a breakfast in the morning.

In less than three hours twelve acres of territory were burned over. The baseball grand stand and bleachers, a large school house, an engine house and 164 wooden and twelve brick buildings were destroyed.

The second of the series of ball games between the Bostons and Baltimores had begun before 3500 spectators. Nettled by the defeat of the previous day, the champions were playing ball for all they were worth, and running bases in a way that threatened to carry everything before them.

Only 2½ innings had been played, and the Baltimores were to take their turn at bat in the last part of the third inning, when the contest was interrupted by flames that could be seen rising from the right field bleachers. The cause of this was that some small boys from Roxbury saw a pile of chips and shavings under the baseball structure, applied a match and then left to watch the effect of their work.

A moment afterward the fire had spread to such an extent that the boys became frightened at the unexpected result of their folly and ran away.

The occupants of the bleachers, feeling the warmth under them, jumped from their seats and tried to extinguish the flames by tearing the rubbish and scattering it, but the blaze refused to be extinguished.

Excitement on the ball ground was immense, for the flames were beyond control before the 3500 spectators had time to realize their peril. At first it was regarded as a joke. The spectators began to get impatient that such a little flame should stop play, and impatiently cried, "Play ball! Play ball!"

With the rapidity of a prairie fire, the flames rushed along, taking in everything of an inflammable nature they encountered. The ball players ran out toward the scene, but it was not long before they were forced back. The heat was so intense that the spectators who had been driven into the left field corner began to make their way out of the grounds through a hole in the centre-field fence.

Those who managed to get a view outside of the fence saw a magnificent sight as the massive towers tottered and fell.

The ball players little dreaming that there would be anything more than a brief interruption, found that it was a case of hustle to get their belongings out in time. Captain Nash was one of the last to leave, and it had got pretty hot before he had made his exit. Captain Robinson, of the Baltimores, was also slow to get out.

A number of women fell on the street from sheer exhaustion and had to be carried into the various houses in the vicinity. Some of these women are in a delicate condition, and physicians were summoned from all parts of the city to assist should their services be required. The streets were full of carts carrying off furniture, and confusion reigned supreme.

A few minutes past 6 o'clock a woman was seen coming from a house on Cabot street, with her clothes all on fire. She made a frantic rush from the street toward the ropes, when Patrolmen Green and Lewis, of Station No. 1, caught her in their arms, roiled her in the street and thereby saved her life, as she escaped with only a few slight burns.

A woman on Burke street, wringing her hands, shrieked: "Where are my children?"

Near at hand were Charles W. Eaton and a Mr. Cusick, of Brookline, who had been attending the ball game.

They instantly sprang to the rescue of the little ones in a burning building. Mr. Cusick brought out three and Mr. Eaton saved two. They went through clouds of smoke in order to do this and with peril to their lives The children were turned over to the woman in the street, who took care of them.

Michael Welsh, entered his home to save some personal effects, but the building had ignited and the flames spread so rapidly that his escape was completely cut off.

He rushed to the roof of the building, and when enveloped in flames jumped to the ground, about thirty feet. He landed on his feet, but was severely injured internally, and was picked up in a semi-conscious condition and taken to the City Hospital, where it was discovered that in addition to internal injuries, one of the small bones of his leg was broken.

One man was seized with paroxysms of fear when the fire ignited his home, and the result of the attack was complete prostration. He was rendered insensible and was taken to the hospital.

By 6 o'clock the fire had crossed Tremont to Cabot street, and was beyond the control of the firemen. Again and again the gallant fire fighters made a stand and poured thousands of gallons of water upon the flames, but still they swept on, and it seemed as if nothing could stop them. Shortly after 6 o'clock several steamers arrived from Lynn, Salem, Beverly, Brookline and Lawrence, and every effort was made to stop the fire at Cabot street. But it could not be checked, and not until it had burned from Cabot half way through to Warwick street and north to Burke street, was the limit of the burned district on the southwest side of the ball grounds reached.

While the firemen were at work on this side the fire was spreading from Walpole street toward Milford place on the southwest side of the ball grounds, and in half an hour all the buildings on this block were in ruins. It burned on until it reached Ruggles street at one point, consumed the houses on both sides of Chapel street and laid low the structures on Sudbury street. At Ruggles street on the west and Cabot street on the southeast the fire was practically stopped, and at 7.30 it was under control and in no danger of spreading further. On the northwest side of the ball grounds the tracks of the Old Colony Railroad prevented the conflagration from spreading in that direction.

The fire was an unusually hot one and one of the hardest to fight in the history of the Boston department. Three engines had to be abandoned because of the heat.

After the conflagration was under control the grounds of the Boston baseball team were thronged with thousands of anxious sightseers. The familiar grand stand was no longer there. Nothing remained but the iron work—a mass of smoldering ruins and a single pillar of brick. Looking toward Tremont and Cabot streets, one vast waste of fallen walls and smoldering ruins met the gaze. Many West End street railway employes were burned out and hundreds lost all their effects.

On the streets, just without the burned district, goods were strewn in every direction. Many outfits of entire households were hopelessly mixed up with goods from neighboring houses, and many who owned goods created stirring scenes in their efforts to recover their lost property. Women holding little children frantically looked for relatives without success, and in many cases women were carried off by officers in a fainting condition. Tremont street, for a distance of several hundred yards was strewn with wreckage, broken coils of West End street railway trolleys, and feed wires, bed ticking and hundreds of feet of hose burned to a crisp. Rivers of water covered the street, and on one side were three abandoned fire engines, twisted into an almost unrecognizable shape.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

THERE is no cessation in the baseball boom.

A BALL team has been formed in the City of Mexico.

TWITCHELL is batting better than any of the Louisville players.

THE University of Pennsylvania baseball team defeated Yale at Philadelphia.

"BUCK" EWING'S fast fielding for Cleveland is the subject of quite general comment.

ANSON, the twenty-year hero of the diamond, is once more playing first base for Chicago.

JOHN CLARKSON is pitching for Cleveland as well as he ever did in his best days on the diamond.

MCALEER, of the Clevelands, was the first player this season to announce that he had Charley horse.

TUCKER, of Boston, is playing the fielding game of his life this year, and has yet to make an error.

THE New Yorks can make more hits and get fewer runs than any other team in the League except Pittsburg.

BUCKLEY has fully recovered the use of his arm, and his fine work behind the bat is one cause of St. Louis's success.

SHUGART'S record of three home runs in one game at Cincinnati is liable to be the home run record of this season.

IT is a pleasure to see McGraw, the Baltimore third baseman, throw. He hardly makes an effort, but the ball goes like a shot.

THIS seems to be the day of small men—physically—in the League. Nearly all of the star players are men of small or medium size.

A NEW sliding pad has been invented by a Cincinnati man. It is constructed on the pneumatic-tire principle. The Cincinnatis have adopted them.

COOGAN, the young catcher of the University of Pennsylvania, is slated to join his clubmate, young Goeckle, on the Philadelphia team at the end of his university career.

START, the veteran ex-professional first baseman, probably played ball longer than any other man connected with the National game. He played ball for twenty-eight consecutive seasons.

THE sun is more bothersome in Washington's right field than on any other grounds in the country. It has killed off a lot of right fielders, Radford alone mastering it by using smoked goggles.

A TELEGRAPHIC baseball system has been invented in St. Louis by a man named Vellaris. By a system of keys in the scorer's stand, the instant a decision is made by the umpire, strikes, balls, outs, fair and fouls are shown instantly to the public. The scheme can be worked by electric connection in a number of places at one time.

WHILE our National game is this year enjoying at home perhaps a greater popularity than ever before, it is also winning extraordinary favor abroad. Not only has it become a permanent and conspicuous institution in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, but in conservative old England itself it has won a forward place among out-of-door sports.

A GOOD authority records that there are now more baseball clubs in England than there are cricket clubs in America. However that may be, there are between forty and fifty organized nines in England, united in a National Baseball Association, with a splendid field in the metropolis, known as the London Baseball Park, in which three or four games can be played at the same time.

RECORD OF THE LEAGUE CLUBS.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.	Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Cleveland	17	4	.810	Brooklyn	11	12	.478
Baltimore	16	7	.698	Cincinnati	10	11	.476
Philadel.	17	8	.680	St. Louis	10	13	.417
Pittsburg	14	7	.667	Louisville	6	13	.316
Boston	13	10	.565	Chicago	6	14	.300
New York	11	12	.478	Wash'ng'n.	3	22	.120

LYNCHED IN KANSAS.

A Mob Hangs a Printer the Day After He Killed a Man.

George Rose, the printer who killed Assistant Postmaster Karl Kuhl at Cottonwood Falls, near Emporia, Kan., was lynched next day by a mob at that place. Shortly before midnight Sheriff Murdock was called to the door of the jail by a knock, and on opening the door was seized and pulled out into the courtyard. Several pistols were presented at his head in a jiffy by members of the masked mob, and he was taken back into the jail and to the door of Rose's cell, which he was ordered to unlock. Rose was then given over to the crowd,

The mob proceeded with their prisoner to a railroad bridge about a quarter of a mile away, where they placed a rope around the condemned man's neck. He was asked if he had anything to say, to which he replied:

"Gentlemen, I suppose it is no use to talk; you are out to hang me. I should have liked to have had a trial by law. I hope God will have mercy on my soul."

His hands and feet were then quickly pinioned, and the man was pushed from the east side of the bridge. He fell about ten feet, his neck being broken by the descent. The lynchers then disappeared.

The mob of lynchers was said to have included some of the most respectable citizens of the county.

AT a council of the Spanish Cabinet it was decided to pay $17,000 in gold, equal to $23,000 in Spanish currency, as an indemnity to the American Methodist missionary who was unlawfully expelled from the Caroline Islands when Spain annexed that territory.

THE Federation of Women's Clubs, at Philadelphia, demanded by resolution one standard of morality for men and women.

BIG STORM IN THE EAST.

REPETITION OF THE DISASTROUS FLOOD OF 1889.

New Jersey, New York and Long Island Swept by a Gale and High Tides—Floods in Pennsylvania—Logs Break Loose on the Susquehanna River.

The storm which played such havoc out West and caused so many wrecks on the Great Lakes arrived East, on its way to sea, where it caused great damage. The storm centre was south of New York at first and then moved toward the northeast. The big wind raised a heavy sea, which came in in great rollers over the bar and thundered on the shores of Sandy Hook. Part of the time there was a dense fog about the Hook, so that incoming vessels could not be sighted from there. The storm covered a large extent of territory. A great storm swept along the New Jersey coast. At least seven schooners went ashore and several yachts were sunk. The heavy rains in Pennsylvania resulted in the most disastrous floods since 1889. Williamsport, Lock Haven, Renovo and other towns along the western branch of the Susquehanna suffered from a flood rivalling that by which Johnstown was destroyed. Towns in the Juniata and Conemaugh valleys also were flooded. At Bradford, Penn., the firemen were called out to rescue people from their partially submerged houses. Many streams in the northern part of New York State were out of banks.

Long Island, from Norton's Point to Montauk, felt the full force of the wind and waves. Along Rockaway the waves seemed higher and fiercer than in months before. Long before high tide the water was pouring over Hog Island, and by 9 o'clock the island was almost entirely submerged. Bathing-houses which had been put in place by enterprising owners were demolished and swept away. The tin roof of the big United States Hotel at Rockaway was carried away. Advices from points further along the coast showed the same state of affairs. The big standpipe of the Great South Bay waterworks was strained by the gale and burst. Coney Island felt the full fury of the gale. The shores of Westchester were caught by the full force of the earlier part of the storm, and many boats were damaged.

A cloudburst southwest of Dunkirk, N. Y., caused one of the most disastrous floods known in years. In less than half an hour many streets were flooded and cellars filled with water. Canadaway Creek was transformed into a raging torrent, and people living along its banks were forced to run for their lives. Cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry were carried down the stream and into the lake. The damage to crops will be heavy. Reports received from Ilion say that the strawberry crop was nearly ruined. The rains sent Buffalo River booming over its banks and down through South Buffalo, N. Y. Dozens of streets were flooded and hundreds of cellars were full of water. All trains on the D. A. and P. Railway at Jamestown, N. Y., were abandoned, owing to the damage to its tracks by the storm. A portion of the large bridge at Loana was washed away. The railroad bridge at Frewsburg is gone. The heaviest rainstorm for years caused a great flood in the Geneseo River, and an immense amount of damage has been done. The flats for miles around Geneseo resembled an immense inland lake.

Throughout Pennsylvania the damage done was immense. Williamsport passed through a state of flood excitement unequaled since that memorable June 1, 1889, when the river reached the unprecedented height of thirty-three and a half feet, and inundated two-thirds of the city. At 1 o'clock a. m. the great boom, with its $1,000,000 worth of lumber, gave way, and Williamsport awakened at daybreak to a sense of great financial disaster. The river was then twenty-five feet high. Lockhaven boom was reported to have given way under the pressure of high water, and it was asserted that 15,000,000 feet started down stream on a ten-foot flood. The logs and boom at Two Mile and Cooks Runs, branches of Kettle Creek, broke and started on their way down stream. The railroad companies loaded all their bridges with heavily laden cars and hoped to save them. The Juniata River and the streams of Mifflin County were dangerously high, and half of the population of the county south of Lewistown had to flee to the high land or to go into upper stories of their houses. The McVeytown County iron bridge is a wreck. The heaviest rainstorm since the big flood of 1889 occurred at Johnstown, and the early light disclosed flooded streets and alleys and cellars full of water. Merchants worked all night getting goods out of cellars. About $15,000 worth of timber belonging to the Conemaugh Lumber Company was carried away, tearing two bridges away and causing other damage. Crops in the vicinity were ruined, entailing a loss of thousands of dollars. The great flood has been exceeded only once in the history of the Juniata Valley, the four days' rainfall having raised the Juniata River and Raystown branch twenty-one feet above low water mark and entailing great destruction to property. In Huntington, Penn., the waters flooded the lower streets, driving the people from their homes. Three new iron county bridges spanning the Juniata and Raystown branch were swept away. The destruction of scores of minor bridges and washouts on public roads closed all rural approaches. Mrs. John Miller was drowned in Saxton while trying to save some property. A landslide at Ryde station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, covered the south track for a distance of nearly a mile, and a portion of the track was washed away. By far the most destructive storm of the season swept over the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. Rain fell in torrents, swelling the streams and inundating the low lands. The wind blew at a terrific rate, and trees were torn up by the roots and many buildings in course of erection in the country districts were blown down. The Susquehanna River overflowed its banks in several places, doing considerable damage to growing crops.

ALASKA FARM LANDS.

About 4000 Square Miles in the Southern Portion Tillable

The report of Representative Hainer, of Nebraska, from the Agriculture Committee on the bill to establish agricultural experiment stations in Alaska says that, according to the report of Major Powell, late Director of the Geological Survey, there are in Southern Alaska between 4000 and 5000 square miles containing agricultural possibilities, and that with a secured food supply, a wonderful impetus would be given every industry, and thousands now unemployed would find profitable occupation in the mines, fisheries and forests of Alaska.

GOVERNOR JAMES WOLF, of the Chickasaw Nation, indicted for embezzling between $25,000 and $75,000 of the per capita funds, has been arrested.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

The Senate.

104TH DAY.—Discussion of the Tariff bill continued, seven items on the chemical schedule being disposed of.

105TH DAY.—The Senate passed eighteen paragraphs of the Tariff bill.

106TH DAY.—Mr. Lodge offered a resolution for an inquiry into charges of attempts to bride Senators Hunton and Kyle to vote against the Tariff bill.——The Senate passed fifteen paragraphs of the Tariff bill.

107TH DAY.—Mr. Morgan introduced a resolution directing Attorney-General Olney to tell what has been done to enforce the Anti-Trust law.——The Senate adopted the resolution for an investigation of the attempted bribery and Sugar Trust charges so broadened as to include speculations by Senators in trust stocks. Republicans filibustered from 6 p. m. until 10.30 p. m. against a motion to take a recess.

108TH DAY.—Vice-President Stevenson appointed Messrs. Gray, Lindsay, Lodge, Davis and Allen a committee to investigate the alleged bribery and Sugar Trust scandals.——All but a few paragraphs of schedules A and B of the Tariff bill were disposed of.——The Senate will hereafter meet at 10 o'clock.

109TH DAY.—The Senate passed the House bill, amending the act of 1890 fixing regulations to prevent collisions at sea; the House bill to facilitate the entry of steamships at American ports; Mr. Hoar's Anti-Lottery bill, amended so as not to apply to charitable drawings; the bill to ratify the agreement with the Yuma Indians in California for the cession of their surplus lands.——The discussion of the Tariff bill was continued, the entire metal schedule being disposed of.

The House.

125TH DAY.—Almost the entire time was devoted to the consideration of District business.——In the morning hour the bill of Mr. Dalzell, authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Monongahela River, from Homestead to Pittsburg, was passed.——The resignation of Mr. Compton, of Maryland, to take effect immediately, was received.

126TH DAY.—Consideration of the Naval Appropriation bill was concluded and the bill passed. As reported by the committee the bill carried a total appropriation of $25,280,966; this was increased $55,000 by the action of the Committee of the Whole.——The Agricultural Appropriation bill for the coming year was then taken up in Committee of the Whole and six of the twenty-six pages considered under the five-minute rule.——Owing to the absence of Speaker Crisp, due to the death of Mrs. Crisp's mother, Mr. Dockery acted as Speaker pro. tem. for the day.——Chairman Wilson returned to the House and was applauded and welcomed by members.——Mr. Boen introduced a resolution for an inquiry into charges made against United States District Judge Nelson, of Minnesota.

127TH DAY.—Mr. Bryan introduced a bill for Government aid to the Nicaragua Canal by the issue of $70,000,000 of greenbacks.——The day was devoted to consideration of the Agricultural Appropriation bill.

128TH DAY.—The Agricultural Appropriation bill was passed.

129TH DAY.—The first half hour was spent in passing a resolution to give the Committee on Railways and Canals a clerk.——The Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole. Under an agreement reached by the leaders, after an hour's skirmishing, general debate on the bill was closed at 5 o'clock.——The most of the afternoon was occupied with a discussion of the matter of "docking" members for absent days, which took a wide range.——At 5 o'clock the House took a recess under the rules until 6 o'clock, the evening session being for the consideration of private pension and relief bills.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

TOLSTOI, the Russian novelist, was born at Tuba, August 28, 18[illegible].

PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY died recently at Carlsbrooke, Isle of Wight.

MR. PRYCE, a rising London novelist, is a clerk in the Bank of England.

THE King of Greece is an excellent swimmer and has a perfect passion for fishing.

PRINCE BISMARCK would rather have a sure cure for rheumatism than all the titles in Europe.

PRESIDENT CARNOT, of France, reiterated his decision not to present himself for re-election.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD has been elected President of the National Temperance Society, to succeed John Wanamaker.

MRS. U. S. GRANT says that she has not yet decided whether she will reside permanently in New York or in Washington.

TREATMENT with belladonna has so strengthened one of Mr. Gladstone's eyes that he is enabled to read and write without difficulty.

THE King of Dahomey was educated in France and speaks French fluently. He became a barbarian because he was disappointed in a love affair.

THE Austrian Empress's brother, Duke Charles Theodore, of Bavaria, has resumed at Meran his free practice as an oculist for the benefit of the poor.

PROFESSOR ONKEN, a celebrated German historian, is a vegetarian, whose favorite dinner is buttered rolls and radishes, washed down with cold water.

THE Czarowitz of Russia is said to be disinclined to marry. He wants to renounce the succession to the throne in favor of his youngest brother, the Grand Duke Michael.

UNITED STATES SENATORS PROCTOR AND DUBOIS are as ardent trout anglers as Senator Quay is a tarpon fisherman. The former took in the opening of the season in Vermont.

EREK JORGENSEN, the firearms inventor, is a portly, well-poised man, with dark eyes and full gray beard. He occupies the position in the Norway Armory of bessemager, or gunmaker.

LIEUTENANT PEARY'S title is one of courtesy only. He is a civil engineer and not a line officer. He has spent more than one-quarter of his time since he entered the navy in the Arctic regions.

M. E. INGALLS, President of the "Big Four" railroads, worked his way through Harvard Law School, sleeping on the floor of a friend's law office and eating his meals wherever he could get them.

CARL ZARRAHN'S record of forty years' leadership of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society is said to be unsurpassed in the history of music, no other conductor ever having had charge for so long a time of any musical society.

GERHARD GADE, the American Consul at Chistiania, Norway, who was appointed in 1869 by General Grant, is the oldest consul in the service, with the exception of Consul Sprague, at Gibraltar. He will celebrate his jubilee on June 25.

DR. JOHN A. ANDREWS, of Worcester, Mass., has been in practice over sixty years, during forty-eight of which he answered calls day and night, and now, at the age of ninety-one, he still has a large office practice, and he includes among his patients some of the third generation he has treated.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MAY 27.

Lesson Text: "Moses Sent as a Deliverer," Exodus iii., 10-20—Golden Text: Isaiah xli., 10—Commentary.

10. "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth My people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt." We are in this lesson about eighty years farther on than in the last, for Moses remained at the court of Pharaoh till he was forty, and then forsaking Egypt he kept sheep in Midian for forty years (Acts vii., 23, 30). He is now at Mount Horeb, and God is talking to him out of the burning bush—the bush that burned with fire and was not consumed (verse 2), so suggestive of Israel's whole history. To understand this lesson it is necessary to read Acts vii., 21-34; Heb. xi., 24-27.

11. "And Moses said unto God, Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" Three great I's in one little sentence show that Moses did not take in the greater I of the previous verse. When he was forty, he supposed that the people of Israel would have understood that he was their deliverer (Acts vii., 25), but he was then running before he was sent. Now when God would send him he is unwilling to go. Such is man even at his best.

12. "And He said, Certainly I will be with thee, and this shall be a token unto thee that I have sent thee. When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain." The great lesson of our life is to learn that we are nothing, but that God is everything. The promise of His presence is to my mind the greatest of all promises for this present life. Consider it well as it was afterward given to Joshua, to Gideon, to Jeremiah and to the apostles by the Lord Himself (Josh. i., 5; Judg. vi., 16; Jer. i., 8, 19; Math. xxviii., 20). To many of us it comes with greatest power in the words of our golden text and Isa. xli., 13.

13. "And Moses said unto God, behold, when I come unto the children of Israel and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you, and they shall say unto me, What is His name? What shall I say unto them?" This was a far greater consideration than the "who am I" of verse 11. Moses now asks God: "Whom shall I say that you are?" Jesus was always saying that the Father sent Him. You will find Him referring to it over thirty times in the gospel by John. In His prayer He said concerning the apostles, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world" (John xvii., 18). How little we seem to appreciate it!

14. "And God said unto Moses, I am that I am. And He said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I am hath sent me unto you." Some one has compared this great name of God to a blank check for any amount, like the promise of John xiv., 14, "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it."

See Jesus filling it in in such passages as John vi., 48, 51; viii., 12; xiv., 6; xv., 1, and often where we read "I am He" it is really "I am," the "He" being in italics, as in John iv., 26; viii., 24, 28.

15. "The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you. This is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations." It seems to refer to His covenant with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to give them the land (Ps. cv., 8-12), a covenant which is as lasting as His covenant with day and night (Jer. xxxiii., 25, 26), and which He will yet fulfill with His whole heart and soul (Jer. xxxii., 41).

16. "Go gather the elders of Israel together and say unto them, The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob, appeared unto me, saying, I have surely visited you and seen that which is done to you in Egypt." What God says He will do is as sure as if it was already done (Isa. xiv., 24, 27). He had said He would visit them and bring them out of bondage (Gen. xv., 14; l., 24). His covenants are on His part ordered in all things and sure (II Sam. xxiii., 5), and though we may fail He abideth faithful. There is nothing done to His people which He does not count as done to Himself, whether it be good or bad (Zech. ii., 8).

17. "And I have said, I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt unto a land flowing with milk and honey." See also verse 8 and chapters xiii., 5; xxxiii., 3. It may have seemed to Israel for many a long day that God had forgotten them, and that their afflictions were more than they could bear, but hear Him in verse 7, "I have surely seen the affliction of My people and have heard their cry, for I know their sorrows." So to-day He sees all the sufferings of His afflicted people and of the oppressed everywhere, and He will deliver, but He urges patience till He comes (Jas. v., 7, 8.)

18. "And they shall hearken to thy voice, and thou shalt come, thou and the elders of Israel, unto the King of Egypt, and ye shall say unto him, The Lord God of the Hebrews hath met with us." The rest of the verse states the request they were to make of the King of Egypt. It was Jehovah Himself who was saying all this to Moses out of the midst of the bush that burned with fire, but was not consumed (verses 2 and 4). It was, however, only when Moses turned aside to see the strange sight that God spoke with him. There are many strange things in our daily lives out of which God would speak to us if we would but turn aside a moment to hear His voice. He tries again and again to gain our attention, but we are too busy to hear.

19. "And I am sure that the King of Egypt will not let you go—no, not by a mighty hand." And so it turned out, for when Moses and Aaron went to Pharoah with the message from the Lord his answer was, "I know not the Lord; neither will I let Israel go" (chapter v., 2). The Lord searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts (I Chron., xxviii., 9), yet He does not compel, but leaves each one free to obey or disobey as they think best. He is not willing that any should perish (II Pet. iii., 9).

20. "And I will stretch out My hand and smite Egypt with all My wonders which I will do in the midst thereof, and after that he will let you go." Pharoah hardened his heart and refused to humble himself before God (chapters ix., 34; x., 3). The Lord hardened Pharoah's heart by laying upon him commands which he would not obey (x., 20, 27; xi., 9, 10), and this led to multiplying the Lord's wonders. Greater wonders than those of Pharoah's time are yet to be wrought in connection with the restoration of Israel from all lands, and a worse than Pharoah is yet to be dealt with, but the whole earth shall yet be filled with the glory of God (Mic. vii., 15, 16; Jer. xxiii., 7, 8; Rev. xiii., 5, 6; xvii, 14; Ps. lxxii., 18, 19).—Lesson Helper.

Use of Natural Gas.

Natural gas is now used by more than 27,000 families and offices in and near Indianapolis, Ind., alone.

FALLEN HEROES.

Memorials of Valiant Soldiers of the Armies of the North.

Noble Graves to Be Remembered On Decoration Day.

On Decoration Day, as on no other day of the year, our hearts go out to those who met their fate while the cannon was booming in their ears and rifle barrels were hot. Every battle has its story of heroism; every veteran can tell you of some comrade who was killed with his face to the foe; of some officer who, rushing at the head of his men, entreating them not to falter, fell, and in falling did all that he could do for his country's cause.

In the days of 1860–61 the United States Senate witnessed many scenes which are now historical. The members from the North saw their Southern colleagues one by one leave their seats to raise war against the flag which was not yet a century old. The climax came when Edward Dickinson Baker, "the Bald Eagle of the Rockies," then a Senator from Oregon, strode into the Chamber, dressed in the uniform of a Federal colonel, and having the sword which he had won at Bueno Vista upon his desk, declared to his distinguished audience:

"The majesty of the people is here to-day to sustain the majesty of the Constitution, and I come, a wanderer from the far Pacific, to record my oath with yours of the East."

He had come to resign his place in the Senate; to lay aside the mantle of the legislator for the uniform of the soldier. For two hours at Ball's Bluff his California regiment withstood the galling fire of the enemy concealed in the woods, every moment recording its murders. Retreat he thought impossible, of surrender he did not dream. Far in front of the column, he led his soldiers up the hill to be met by a sheet of flame from the enemy's guns that caused his instant death. Their leader gone, the men fled in depair, and it was with difficulty that the body of one of the noblest men who have honored this nation was recovered.

HIS NAME WILL EVER LIVE.

The tragic death of Colonel Ellsworth of the New York Zouaves at Alexandria, where by his clever stratagem he recaptured a number of Union prisoners, made him a martyr to the cause of the Union and inflamed the North. He was more widely mourned than any other man on our side who fell during the conflict. A Confederate flag on a hotel had attracted his attention and he climbed to the roof to pull it down. "Behold my trophy!" he cried, waving it to his men in the street below, and "Behold mine!" exclaimed the landlord from his hiding place as he lodged a bullet in Ellsworth's breast. A minute later the murderer met his most just fate at the hands of an enraged Federal private.

HASKELL'S GLORIOUS BRAVERY.

It is the testimony of General Meade himself that a lieutenant did more than any one else under his command to bring about the splendid victory at Gettysburg. Never had such a scene as Pickett's charge been witnessed before, save when Massena wedged his troops between the Austrian lines at Wagram. The Union line was faltering and Lieutenant Franklin Haskell of the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin was sent to Meade to bring reinforcements. On his way he took under his own charge a great mass of troops and made the movement at the proper moment that turned back the terrific charge. For the gallant work he was made a colonel, and Congress was preparing to grant him a star when he fell in the thickest of the fighting at Cold Harbor.

"He was worthy of better disciplined troops and a better fate," said General Butler when he heard of Colonel Roberts's fate at Baton Rouge. Roberts was in command of the Seventeenth Vermont, which lost its courage at the approach of the enemy and began to retreat. He was shot dead while, with tears running down his cheeks, he begged his men to stand their ground.

General Reno, who led the Union forces at South Mountain Gap, was killed while urging his men forward.

General McPherson was the idol of his soldiers. He was a man of princely bearing, the noblest sentiments and a personal courage which never failed him. General Grant said that he respected him for "all of the manly virtues that can adorn a commander." Had he lived he would undoubtedly have ranked in the hearts of the people along with Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. After continuously exposing himself to the fire of the enemy for three years it remained for him to be the target of a sharpshooter while riding outside the works.

The bravery of General James S. Wadsworth, who knew not the meaning of fear, finally cost him his life. He fell during the terrible fight in the Wilderness on the same day that General Robert E. Lee threw himself at the head of Greeg's Texans to charge, and they, brave men, refused to move a step until he had withdrawn to the rear, when they rent the air with their blood curdling yell and bore down upon the opposing companies like famished lions released from bondage. General Wadsworth was one of the wealthiest men in Western New York, nearly sixty years of age, handsome in face and figure, an officer and a gentleman, who, at the beginning of the war, offered himself and his purse to the cause of the Union. After 1700 out of the 5000 men he led into the fight had been swept away by a perfect hailstorm of bullets, the remnant broke to pieces. It was while trying to reform his shattered forces that he met his death.

WILLIAMS AND SEDGWICK.

Probably no man was more beloved by his soldiers than T. N. Williams, who fell in a skirmish at Baton Rouge while leading his men into action, and admonished them to keep their line firm with his dying words.

General Sedgwick was another of the prominent commanders who were reckless brave. He was superintending the building of a battery and said to his men, who were wincing under the enemy's fierce fire, "Don't worry. Those fellows could not hit an elephant." A minute later he was lying upon the ground, a rifle bullet in his head.

THE GRANDEST ACT OF ANY WAR.

English poets sing of the charge of the gallant Six Hundred, Frenchmen have written on their hearts, "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." No bard has ever sung the praises of Major Keenan's men who had two-thirds of their number mown down by leaden hail within ten minutes. Why should Americans speak of the Balkalava incident as the greatest exhibition of personal courage of modern times? If they will read the story of the fight at Chancellorsville they will learn of men who went to death as bravely as any who ever fell in battle.

"You must charge into the woods and hold the enemy in check until these batteries are placed," was Pleasonton's command.

"I will," was all that Major Keenan answered with a smile upon his lips, although he knew he would never come out of the conflict alive.

Not a man of that regiment faltered,

DECORATING A HERO'S GRAVE.

although each knew the order to advance was his death warrant. With a demonstration of strength almost superhuman, they held back the enemy without losing a foot of ground until the command came for them to go to the rear. Covered with blood and blackened with smoke, that shattered remnant retired, but with the knowledge that they had been of inestimable service to the cause of the Union.

It was a demonstration of courage which not only compares with but excels any other in the history of warfare, for these men were not the Old Guard of Napoleon, the heroes of many campaigns, nor the flower of the English cavalry drilled for many years to march and act as a unit, but a company of citizen soldiery, untrained in the art of war, unused to the sight of carnage, who had come at a moment's warning from the workshop, the farm, the office to defend the country and the cause which their ancestors had fought for through seven painful years.

Under the China Tree.

Just across the dusty country road, opposite the station, was the china tree. It stood in the corner of the zig-zag fence; its brown limbs were bare save for the great clusters of pale gold berries which they held aloft against the blue sky. Three robins, already half intoxicated by the delicious food, were feasting on the berries. The tree, as if by some sudden caprice, had tossed down all at once its yellow leaves; the brown earth welcomed them, and there they lay shining in the sunlight.

She stood beneath the tree, gowned in gray, coarse gray, home-spun, home-dyed; the large hat shading her face was made of shucks, plaited by her long, tapering fingers, which had been wont to wander over the strings of her guitar, while Hugh's lips whispered love's sweet words. Soft hair, black as the eyes so full of splendor, a complexion like the petals of a magnolia, a face whose every feature told of birth or blood, she stood, a fine-fibred aristocrat in the rough garb of a plebeian.

Down the railroad she strained her eager eyes, shading them with one small, white hand, while the other, tight-clasped, held the letter with the precious words: "I shall be with you on Monday." On the other side of the low fence, amid the sassafras bushes, Mammy Dilly, black, fat and jolly, rested her arms on the top rail. "Dey be here pres'ney, honey. I mighty anxious to see my boy and Marse Hugh come; dey'll git 'em a furlough togedder, dey's so constan'. Dar de train now."

It came nearer; it stopped. Isham stepped out of the baggage-car, wearing an old army cap, and a gray jacket with red trimmings.

"Howdy, Isham! Howdy! Whar Marse Hugh?"

"My Gord, mammy, is dat you? Is dat Miss Marg'et, yander? Oh, mammy, teck Miss Marg'et back to de house."

"You fool, boy! How I gwine teck Miss Marg'et back to de house when Marse Hugh comin' home?"

Men were lowering something from the baggage-car; Isham saw it through a rain of sudden tears, and taking off his cap, said, with bowed head: "Marse Hugh—done—done come home—to stay, mammy—wid a bullet in his breas'."

A gray heap lay under the china tree; a face still and pallid amid the yellow leaves shining in the sunlight. —Blue and Gray.

The National Cemeteries.

In the eighty-three national cemeteries are buried 330, 700 soldiers, of whom nearly one-half are classified as "unknown." Most of the cemeteries are cared for by superintendents who are paid from $60 to $75 a month. The superintendents are under the direction of army officers. There are six districts, with a commanding officer for each district. The commander at Atlanta, Ga., supervises twenty-six cemeteries in the States east of the Mississippi River and south of Kentucky and Virginia, including Louisiana and Texas. The commander at Washington, D. C., controls twenty-eight cemeteries, of which twenty-two are in Virginia and Maryland, three others in contiguous States, the Custer battlefield on the Little Big Horn River, Mont., and "Mexico City," in Mexico. The four Illinois cemeteries and ten west of the Mississippi River and north of Louisiana and Texas are under command of an officer at St. Louis. The eight cemeteries in Kentucky and Indiana are directed by an officer at Jeffersonville, Ind. An officer at Philadelphia is responsible for the cemeteries on the Delaware River, while those in New York are controlled by New Yorkers.

Twenty-one cemeteries contain over five thousand bodies each, and among them are the famous burial places at Corinth and Vicksburg, in Mississippi, two-thirds of whose dead are "unknown." Of the "unknown" who are laid in the other cemeteries Fredericksburg, Va., has four-fifths, and Richmond, Va., seven-eighths, and at Salisbury, N. C., out of a total of 12,132, only ninety-seven are "known."

But at Andersonville, Ga., and Hampton, Va., more than nine-tenths are identified; at Arlington, Va., nearly three-quarters; at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; Marietta, Ga., and Nashville, Tenn., more than two-thirds; at the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., nineteen-twentieths, and at the little cemeteries of St. Augustine, Fla., and Battle Ground, Washington, D. C., all are identified.

There are 9300 Confederate soldiers buried in these cemeteries, principally at Camp Butler, Ill.; Cypress Hills, N. Y.; Finns Point, N. J.; Fort Smith, Ark.; Hampton, Va.; Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and Woodlawn (Elmira), N. Y.

The largest numbers of interments are at Vicksburg, where there are 16,620 of the dead. At Nashville 16,532 are buried. The smallest national cemetery is at Beverly, N. J., and contains only 164.

So they lie together, the known and the unknown, under long white rows of headstones, ranked and serried as when they fell fighting for their country.

Continued from first page.

to my brother Richard, to whom he said, he had written in my behalf.

"That was all. I was really ill now—fell from one long faint into another, and in the midst of my anguish Pearl came wailing into the world. For a long time I was quite dependent on the pity and charity of my poor neighbors, and when at length I was able to rise and look the world in the face again, I scarcely knew which way to turn; for my brother had been written to over and over, and no answer or help sent in response, and either teaching or plain sewing was my only available resource.

"After many weary days I found a position as under music-teacher in a third-rate school. I only got a bare pittance for six hours' a day and had to give that up when little Philip and Rosa took the scarlet fever."

"And they died?" I asked.

"Both died within twelve hours of each other, and even little Pearl was long ill. In all those long hours, when I stood thinking and watching between two worlds, you may be sure my sins of every kind were brought to my remembrance. When I turned my back from my children's graves into the world again, I trust I turned a different woman. I took up life's hard task in a better spirit.

"One spring night I was taking Pearl a walk up Broadway, in order to let her see the bright lights and gay shop-windows, Suddenly a gentleman stepped before me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, cried out:

"'Margaret! Margaret!'

"It was my brother Richard. He had come to New York immediately on receiving Philip's last letter; but Philip had either forgotten to put my address in it or had supposed I would go at once to Boston. He did not find me, though he had looked long and spent much money in seeking me. He had then returned to Boston, sought me there, and failing also, had come back to New York.

"Well, I never again knew what it was to have an ungratified want, or to miss a loving care for every hour. I hope, I believe, that I valued these blessings now at their true worth. Richard and I spent many happy years together, and for many of them made every effort to trace my lost husband. In whatever wild land hopeless men were wont to go, we advertised for him, but in vain.

"So Pearl grew to womanhood, and we were happy. On our seventeenth birthday we determined to have our pictures painted, and a chance remark sent us to Signor Roma's studio, where I also met you. One day, just as we were leaving the city, we called there to ask him to visit us during the summer. He was busy on a historical painting, but as we entered, dismissed his model, and put aside his brushes.

"The model took his hat sadly up, bowed to Roma, and advanced to the door. As he passed us, he glanced at Pearl, and being detected, made a movement of apology and went on. It was enough—I knew him. With a rapid movement, I placed myself before the door, and stretching out my arms, cried out passionately:

"'Philip! dear Philip, forgive me!'

"Roma, with delicate divination and tact, withdrew Pearl to an inner painting-room, and there, and so, we met and knew each other again."

"He had suffered also?"

"Who can tell how much? He had been in California; he had been rich and become poor; he had gained much and lost everything; he had been in captivity to Indians and been shipwrecked; he had known the extremes of poverty and sickness. When I found him he was earning a scanty living as a painter's model, or in any of those ways which the humblest poverty alone discovers."

"And now you are happy?"

"Yes, indeed! God has given me the opportunity I have been praying long for. Yet, remember, because of my foolishness, I have begun to be happy twenty years too late."

"About Pearl?"

"She knows all."

"Are you pleased with her choice?"

"Roma has given me back my husband. I may well give him in return my daughter. I am content."

"And now, my dear, I have told you my story, because I heard you are going to marry, and I feared perhaps you did not consider how holy and solemn a state it is."

I kissed her tenderly and went silently home. Henceforward I had higher thoughts about marriage than such as centered in upholstery and millinery matters.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Memorial Day, 1894.

HEADQUARTERS
Harry Corbin Post,
No. 200, G. A. R.

Following is the programme and order of march for the observance of Memorial Day, May 30, 1894:

Order of Parade.

R. S. HENDERSON, Marshal.

The Sunday schools will form at the respective churches at 1.30 P. M. Move out on Main street and form on the left of the band at the band hall. The procession will move promptly at 2 P. M., in the following order:

Mapleton Cornet Band.
United Brethren Sunday School.
Presbyterian Sunday School.
M. E. Sunday School.
Mapleton Lodge, No. 468, I. O. O. F.
Harry Corbin Post, No. 200, G. A. R.
Firing Squad, in charge of Capt. John C. Garret.
Washington Camp, No. 59, Pa., P. O. S. of A.
Citizens and Visitors.

On arriving at the Cemetery the Band, Schools and I. O. O. F. will halt outside the enclosure and open ranks, and the Post and Camp will march through, receiving the flowers. The schools and I. O. O. F. will close ranks and follow the Camp into the Cemetery, forming on the Camp's left. Band will take their position inside and on the left of the Cemetery gate.

Order of Exercises in the Cemetery.

Music—Mapleton Cornet Band.
Address—Post Commander.
Music—Mapleton Cornet Band.
Prayer—Comrade Elliott Robley.
Decoration Services.
Address by Rev. F. W. Curry.
Music—Mapleton Cornet Band.
Benediction.

A special service will be held at the M. E. church in the evening at 7.30. The Band, Post and Camp will form at the hall promptly at 7.15 and move at once to the church.

Order of Exercises at the Church.

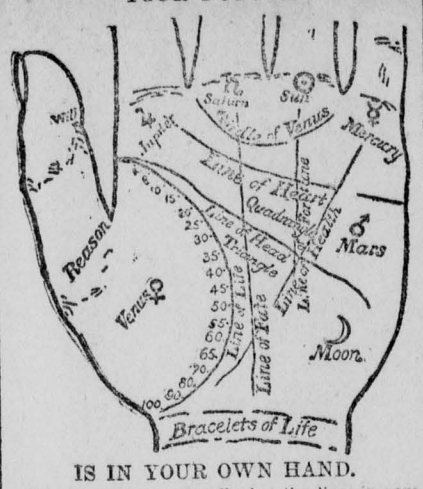
Singing—"America"—Led by M. C. B.
Prayer by Comrade Rev. A. W. Maxwell.
Singing—"Shall We Meet Again?"— Led by Choir.
15-minute Address by Rev. F. W. Curry.
5 to 10-minute Talks by members of Post and Camp.
Singing—"Sweet By and By"—Led by M. C. B.
15-minute Address by Comrade Rev. A. W. Maxwell.
Singing—"God Be With You"—Led by Choir.
Prayer by Rev. F. W. Curry.
Doxology—Benediction.

JOHN A. TOOMEY,
R. K. POTTS,
A. W. KELLEY,
J. S. HENDERSON,
M. L. REX,
Committee.

Strenhth of Character.

To choose the right, and to will to do it, are two elements of strong character, but the doing of which is the result of willing unseen. An immense hidden activity goes on within the physical frame of a man of character. This activity may take the form of a mere suppression, or of an internal welfare of moral and mental motives. One may be under the pressure of strong feeling of resentment; his impulse may be to speak out. He may have a letter to answer which arouses his indignation. And yet he is resolved to be mild, and make no exhibit of his feelings. The immense energy which he expends in this suppression so occupies and impresses him that the feeling which he does show in his letter to him sinks into insignficance. But the person whom he addresses has seen nothing of his inward struggle for suppression. No signs of self conquest go forth in his words. Consequently his view of his own attitude and his correspondent's view are diverse. The writer imagines that he has spoken mildly and kindly because he has not spoken as harshly as he felt impelled to. The other sees nothing of that strength of impulse which has been largely although not entirely suppressed. Consequently he underestimates the goodness of motive in the man who has neither altogether succeeded nor altogether failed. We must not forget in judging our neighbor, how much of his power may have been expended in simply preventing himself from being worse than he has been. Nor must he forget how much he is likely to have left unaccomplished in his effort at self-conquest.

YOUR FUTURE



IS IN YOUR OWN HAND.

Palmistry assumes to tell what the lines in your hand indicate. It will amuse you, if nothing more. The above diagram almost explains itself. The length of the LINE OF LIFE indicates probable age to which you will live. Each BRACELET gives you thirty years. Well-marked LINE OF HEAD denotes brain power; clear LINE OF FORTUNE, fame or riches. Both combined mean success in life; but you must keep up with modern ideas to win it. You will find plenty of these in Demorest's Family Magazine, so attractively presented that every member of the family is entertained. It is a dozen magazines in one. A CLEAR LINE OF HEART bespeaks tenderness; a straight LINE OF FATE, peaceful life; the reverse if crooked. A well-defined LINE OF HEALTH spares you doctors' bills; so will the health hints in Demorest's. No other magazine publishes so many stories to interest the home circle. You will be subject to extremes of high spirits or despondency if you have the GIRDLE OF VENUS well marked; keep up your spirits by having Demorest's Magazine to read. By subscribing to it for 1894 you will receive a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides the superb premium picture, 17x22 inches, "I'm a Daisy!" which is almost a real baby, and equal to the original oil painting which cost $300; and you will have a magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep you posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads, and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family and while Demorest's is not a fashion magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and you get with it free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2.00, and you will really get over $25.00 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St. New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send for a specimen copy. A large QUADRANGLE means honesty; a large TRIANGLE generosity; long FIRST DIVISION OF THUMB strong will; LONG SECOND DIVISION, reasoning faculty. The MOUNT OF JUPITER betokens ambition; that of SATURN, prudence; the SUN love of splendor; MARS, courage; MOON, imagination; VENUS, love of pleasure; and MERCURY intelligence. Take our advice as above and you will be sure to possess the last and most valuable quality.

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